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THE BOOK  
OF THE  
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THE BOOK OF  
THE CAMBRIDGE REVIEW  
1879—1897

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OF

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TO

W. CUNNINGHAM, D D.

‘To expect neither too much nor too little is what we would ask of our readers. Not too much, for amongst the many claims of busy Cambridge life the editing of this journal will be a serious and a difficult task ; not too little, for it rests with our readers themselves to make the REVIEW what it should be—a fair representative of the life and thought of the University.’—*C. R.* Vol. I No. 1 Oct. 15 1879.

## PREFACE

It is not our purpose to give here a history of the CAMBRIDGE REVIEW; indeed there is little to chronicle. A first meeting was held in Mr. J. G. Frazer's rooms in the Old Court of Trinity (Letter E) on a broiling day in the Vacation of 1879, the Rev. F. Wallis, M.A., of Caius College, now Bishop of Wellington, in the Chair:—

‘For two or three hours,’ writes one who was present, ‘some forty men discussed some thirty proposed titles. The one chosen at last I brought forward myself for a friend (Mr. Arthur Strachey, of the Hall, now a judge in Bombay), who was kept away. Some rejected rivals were *The Gogmagogs* and *Term-Time*. We voted in the American way, rejecting one name at every round.’<sup>1</sup>

All journals start in the face of more or less overwhelming obstacles. This has been no exception to

<sup>1</sup> Letter by the Rev. J. P. Whitney, M.A., rector of Milton. C. R. Feb. 18 1897.

the rule. The fact that we have survived for a longer period than any other periodical connected with the University will tell its own tale. Yet it would be possible to write, and indeed a former editor achieved, an account of *dies parvi*, when the sole plant was 'a small hand-press on which only two pages could be printed at a time,' and the printing office used to be 'somewhere down in Barnwell.'

A list of the officers and editors is here subjoined:—

	<i>President.</i>	<i>Editors.</i>
1879. Oct. ...	J. P. Postgate Trinity	...E. V. Arnold, Trin. <sup>1</sup> A. W. W. Dale, Trin. Hall. W. Hillhouse, Trin. <sup>2</sup>
1880. Jan.	„	G. Nugent-Bankes, King's.†
Oct.	„	A. W. W. Dale. G. M. Edwards, Trin. E. Impey, King's.*
1881. Feb.	„	A. W. W. Dale. G. M. Edwards. H. Le Roy, Trin.*
Mar.	„	G. M. Edwards. F. B. Westcott, Trin. H. Le Roy.*
Oct. ...	A. F. Torry St. John's	.....F. B. Westcott. A. W. W. Dale. H. Le Roy.
1882. Feb.	„	A. W. W. Dale. E. M. Sympton, Caius. C. Strachey, King's.
May	„	E. M. Sympton. C. Strachey. H. A. Newton, Magd.

\* Undergraduate Editor.

† Press Editor.

<sup>1</sup> Professor of Latin, University College, North Wales.

<sup>2</sup> Professor of Botany, Mason College, Birmingham.

	<i>President.</i>	<i>Editors.</i>
1883. Jan. ...	A. F. Torry ..... St. John's	E. M. Sympson. H. A. Newton. H. B. Smith, Trin.
Oct.	„	W. A. Raleigh, King's. <sup>1</sup> A. Gerstenberg, Trin. J. Fearnley, St. John's.†
1884. Oct.	„	H. B. Smith. <sup>2</sup> W. A. Raleigh. T. Morison, Trin. E. Jenks, King's. <sup>3</sup> †
1885. May	„	H. B. Smith. A. Gerstenberg. C. F. Clay, Trin. W. A. J. Archbold, Pet.†
Oct. ...	G. M. Edwards ... Sidney	C. F. Clay. F. C. Holland, Trin. H. F. W. Tatham, Trin.
1886. Mar.	„	C. F. Clay. S. M. Leathes, Trin. D. N. Pollock, King's. F. G. T. Rowcroft, Non.Coll.†
Oct.	„	G. Nugent-Bankes.† W. G. Headlam, King's. A. B. Cane, Trin. I. Gollancz, Christ's.
1887. Oct.	„	I. Gollancz. J. A. C. Tilley, King's. G. Townsend-Warner, Jesus.
1888. Oct.	„	J. A. C. Tilley. G. Townsend-Warner. W. J. Corbett, King's.
1889. Oct.	„	J. A. C. Tilley. G. Townsend-Warner. C. Stevenson, King's. W. J. Lias, Jesus.†
1890. Oct.	„	G. W. Grant-Wilson, Trin. E. M. Todhunter, King's. R. P. Mahaffy, King's.

† Press Editor.

<sup>1</sup> Professor of English Literature, Univ. Coll., Liverpool.

<sup>2</sup> Private Secretary to Lord Elgin, Governor General of India.

<sup>3</sup> University Reader of English Law, Oxford.

		<i>President.</i>	<i>Editors.</i>
1891.	Oct. ...	W. Cunningham...	G. A. Davies, Trin. <sup>1</sup>
		Trinity	J. H. B. Masterman, St. John's.
1892.	Mar.	„	A. B. Cook, Trin.
	Oct.	„	R. E. Childers, Trin.
1893.	Jan.	„	E. C. Marchant, Pet.
	May	„	J. E. McTaggart, Trin.
			W. J. Conybeare, Trin.
	Oct.	„	J. H. B. Masterman.
1894.	Oct.	„	F. B. Malim, Trin.
1895.	May	„	H. J. Edwards, Trin.
1897.	Oct.	„	J. N. Figgis, Cath.

At the cost of sacrificing, perhaps to a serious degree, the representative character of the present volume, we have thought fit to exclude from it pieces which have found a permanent home elsewhere. But, while it was felt that it would be unfair to our readers to present them with what in another form they had already on their shelves, on the other hand much remained which, in the opinion of some, deserved to be made accessible by republication. The task of justifying this belief must be left to the following pages.

November 1898.

<sup>1</sup> Professor of Greek, University College, Liverpool.

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# I

## GENERAL ARTICLES



## ROWING IN THE GREEK TRIREMES

[MARCH 17, 1880]

As one who, in his day, was allowed to know the right from the wrong end of an oar, I may be permitted to offer for the judgment of the Athletic and Classical members of my old University, the following remarks on the above subject. If their correctness be not admitted, they will, at least, provoke such discussion as may elicit the truth. The subject is one of which a mere Classic is no competent judge; and a mere Oarsman as little so. Practical experience has to be reconciled with classical authority, for which task none are so competent as University men; for Senior Wranglers and Senior Classics have carried off the palm of University oarsmanship.

When I was last at Athens, in 1874, for the purpose of again visiting the living Finlay and the dead City, my attention was attracted on the Parthenon hill by a fragment of marble set up against the ruins of the Erechtheium, which had theretofore escaped my observation, and around which some native gentlemen

were grouped. On my expressing my delight at the sight of this fragment in the original, (for it is depicted in Jal's work,) to the utterly illiterate guardian, I was asked to explain the nature of the fragment in the vernacular. This I did, somewhat to the astonishment of the guardian, who at once dubbed me *Κύριε Καθηγητᾶ*, or Mr. Professor, and treated me as an honorary member of the Society of Antiquaries of Athens, with becoming reverence.

I subsequently had a cast made of this fragment under my own superintendence, which matrix I brought to England, and forwarded casts from it to the two English Universities, the British Museum, and other public bodies. As it exists in the University Library it is needless to describe it further in this place.

According to local tradition there was another portion; but whether the fore or afterpart of the trireme I could not ascertain; and simply, "that it had been stolen by an American traveller;" and, since its weight must have been considerable, this could not have been effected without the complicity of the guardians, who attach greater value to gold than to marble. It represents the midship portion of a trireme, and goes under the popular name of the Trireme of Archimedes. It evidently formed a portion of some frieze of a local temple. The number of the rowers must remain uncertain. The bas-relief shows nine; and, if it be assumed that this be one-third of the entire length of the vessel, and that one-half that

number is deducted for the other two portions, on account of the tapering of the two extremities, the calculations would stand  $3 \times 9 \times 2 = 54$ , or 108 oars on both boards, so that there would not have been less than 100 oars in both, or 50 on each board; and, as it is an admitted classical fact that there was but one man to an oar, as appears also in the bas-relief, the minimum number of the rowers would be 100; adding to this, 50 for relief and casualties, makes up the total to 150. Now, if these men used their oars as we do, in an eight-oared or other boat, at an obtuse angle to the water, the lower tier would have handled their oars without any difficulty; not so, the second tier; and for the upper tier the task would have been impossible by reason of the length required to clear the lower tiers.

This difficulty the bas-relief apparently solves, as I interpret it. The gallery was constructed very much in the likeness of a "monkey boat," called by barge-men a "Wusser," and to be seen on all canals, except that it was built up higher. The top sides were probably upright, on, but slightly "tumbled out," and carlins built into it at various distances above the water line, extending respectively two, three, and four feet beyond the sides. On these a gallery was constructed, extending, as stated, beyond the side, furnished with thwarts and stretchers, as in our boats; the rowlock, however, was not on the gunwale somewhat below the level of the elbow, as with us, but

near the outside of the stretcher, so that the rower rather paddled than rowed ; that is, he rowed perpendicularly, the consequence of which would necessarily be, that he would grasp his oar with the fingers on opposite sides of the handle, and by dropping the loom slightly inwards, would clear the oar of the water at the end of the stroke, and carry it forward for the next. The oars would increase in length in the successive tiers, but the upper oars would not be longer than those of our eight-oared racing boats. Height would also be saved by so placing the thwart, (*τοῖχος* or *ἐκὼλιον*), that the head of the lower tiersman would come under the knees of the second tiersman, and so on. The lower oars would necessarily be very short, say 9, 12, and 15 feet respectively, thus allowing 3 feet for the loom, 18 inches between each tier, and 30 inches for immersion.

It will therefore be observed that the galleries could all be carried away if run aboard, which was the principal tactic in Greek naval warfare, without affecting the integrity of the hull. In fact, the galleries would be entirely out-rigged ; and the whole hold of the vessel available for relief men and stores. The soldiers were notoriously on deck, as well as the passengers ; one of whom is seen lying at length in the bas-relief, on the quarter deck, as lay Ulysses on leaving Korkyra.

The upper tiersmen, termed *οραμνῖται*, were of a more skilled class, the *ζυγῖται* came next, and the

*θαλαμῖται* last, and were paid in proportion. The vessel was steered by a long oar, over or under the taffrail, and sometimes by or on either quarter. This *πηδάλιον* was not hung like our rudder, which word in Dutch means the same as *κώπη*, an oar. This device enabled the stern or *πρύμνη* to be rowed round. The oar was kept in its place by a thauel, or pin, *σκαλμός*, to which a thong of raw hide was attached, called *τροπός* or *τροπωτήρ*, and the oar must have had a shoulder, to prevent its running out ; like the present oars of a Turkish caïk, which work more smoothly and pleasantly than our rowlocks.

The thramnites are described as occupying a more dangerous position, being exposed to the darts of the enemy, while, if the vessel got beaked, the thalamites were drowned. Archimedes of Syracuse is reported to have invented the trireme, and must therefore be considered as the first Greek naval architect.

The trireme seldom sailed but with a fair wind. When it was in battle array no sails were used. There were two decks, *καταστρώματα*, the upper one wider than the lower by the width of the upper gallery, say 8 feet ; the lower deck was within the hull of the vessel, and the upper deck would, by this calculation, be 9 feet above the line of floatation. We read of quinqueremes and even decaremes, but how these were arranged it is not clear, since, even by the above suggested contrivance, the upper tier oars would be of inordinate length. The merchant vessels, *στρογγυλοί*

*νηες*, on the contrary, seldom “swept,” but always sailed, usually with a pretty fair wind, for it does not appear they “beat.”

The crew of a trireme by this calculation, must have been nearly as follows :—

Rowers	...	...	...	...	100
Relief	...	...	...	...	50
Soldiers	...	...	...	...	100
Officers and Slaves		...	...	...	50
All told					<hr/> 300

At the average weight of 12 stone to a man, with his arms, this would give about 22 tons, to which adding 3 tons for provisions and water, would make a total of 25, though, it more probably amounted to 30 tons.

On entering into an engagement, they struck the masts and cleared the deck for action.

The two principal tactics were—one, to run alongside the enemies' vessel, at an angle, and cripple the oars on the one side, and board her by the soldiers; the other, to run into the enemy at right angles, and sink her by beaking, in which case they backed hard after the contact, for we learn that the Rhodian vessels, unable to effect this, were dragged down head first by the sinking vessels. There are many other manœuvres imaginable, which were doubtless called



into requisition, such as running into a vessel's stern, etc. The attacking squadron was usually arranged in a wedge-like form, led by the Admiral, *Ναύαρχος* or *Ναύαρχου ναὺς*, and received by the enemy in an inverted wedge, so as to enable them to close round, and take their opponents in rear. Much depended on the *πηλαλιοῦχος*, who ranked as an officer; indeed, the word Pilot appears to have been another word for naval officer.

It will be observed in the frieze, that no two men sit to their work alike, and most of them in very bad form, with crooked backs, whence it may be inferred that the representation was taken from nature. It is well known to our university oarsmen, how difficult it is to get even eight men to sit in the same form, and row together, exerting their strength simultaneously; at all events I have never seen it effected in fifty years' experience; while any crew which could accomplish this would be certain of victory.

It will also be observed that the men used short stretchers, and sat with their knees well up, and that they rowed naked.

The Egyptians, according to their monuments, are for the most part represented as standing up to row in open boats.

It is not my intention to write a treatise on the rowing of the Greeks and Romans, which can be better done by one who is still in the full swing of classical study; but to draw attention to the possible

solution of a problem which has puzzled scholars and oarsmen for many centuries, and which sums itself up in this ; that the ancient Greeks did not *row*, but *paddled* their triremes ; to which the action of a steamer's paddle-wheel bears the nearest mechanical resemblance.

P. COLQUHOUN.

THE ESMONDS OF CASTLEWOOD  
AND THE  
WARRINGTONS OF SUFFOLK

[JUNE 13, 1889]

In *Time* for April appears an article by Mr. E. C. K. Gonner on Thackeray's genealogies. Mr. Gonner gives the genealogies of the Warringtons, of the Newcomes, the Fokers, and the Floracs, but curiously enough omits the genealogy of the Esmonds, over which Mr. Thackeray was so careful.

I have always felt a deep interest in my dear and honoured friend, Colonel Esmond, and all that concerned him. I have read and re-read his stately history, I know not how many times. I have made pilgrimages to the rooms in Trinity which are believed to have been his "in the great court close by the gate, and near to the famous Mr. Newton's lodgings." I have mused by the side of the tomb of Beatrix's boyish lover in King's Chapel.

Some years ago I endeavoured to reconstruct that family tree, which we know Colonel Esmond prepared in his later years, representing "the family springing from the Emperor Charlemagne on the one hand, who was drawn in plate-armour, with his imperial mantle and diadem, and on the other from Queen Boadicea, whom the Colonel insisted upon painting in the light costume of an ancient British queen, with a prodigious gilded crown, a trifling mantle of furs, and a lovely symmetrical person, tastefully tattooed with figures of a brilliant blue tint."

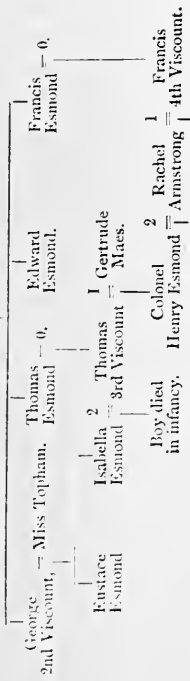
Oh! why did George Warrington (of Lamb Court, Upper Temple) neglect to give us this, while editing the memoirs of his relatives? Had he done so, he must have supplemented it by a pedigree of the Warringtons and then we should have been saved much perplexity.

His grandfather, Sir George Warrington (of Virginia and Warrington Manor) is a most irritating person. It will be seen from the family tree accompanying this article that I disagree with Mr. Gonner as to several of Sir George's children. The fact is Sir George is so wrapped up in himself, that it is only while he is moralising over his troubles that we incidentally hear of his family. There is a mysterious child "who died in infancy," a "Mary" who suffered from fever but apparently recovered, a "Henry" whom I have ventured to identify with "a learned collegian." Mr. Gonner, I think, identifies the

and Maquis Esmond = 0.

Henry Poyns, or Esmond = Dorothea.

Sir Francis Esmond,  
1st Viscount Castlewood = 0.



0 - Sir Miles Warrington.

Hugh Warrington.

Theodosia Lambert = Warrington.

0 = Sir Miles Child = Warrington. died in infancy.

Son.

George = 0.

Daughter.

George Warrington = Rachel Esmond.

Revl. Juffles = Dora. Claypool.

George Warrington = Harry Warrington = Mountain.

Child in Clinton = Theodosia. Blake.

Daughter.

1 Gertrude 2 Thomas = Beatrix Tusher Esmond

Thomas = Clara. Miles Warrington.

Fanny Warrington = Mountain.

Learned George Hester = F. Handyman.

Daughter.

1 Gertrude 2 Baron Bernstein

Thomas = Clara. Miles Warrington.

Fanny Warrington = Mountain.

Learned George Hester = F. Handyman.

Daughter.

Clotilda de Wertheim

Thomas = Clara. Miles Warrington.

Fanny Warrington = Mountain.

Learned George Hester = F. Handyman.

Daughter.

1 Francis James 2 Anna. 5th Viscount =

Thomas = Clara. Miles Warrington.

Fanny Warrington = Mountain.

Learned George Hester = F. Handyman.

Daughter.

William Fanny Esmond. Esmond.

collegian with George and makes him take holy orders for which I know of no authority. Then Major Pendennis served with another unidentified son in India and New South Wales. Surely, "Stunning" Warrington knew his uncles and his aunts? Even the good Colonel is rather hazy at times. Who shall tell us authoritatively whether it was Edward or Francis Esmond who died defending Castlewood against the forces of the Parliament?

R. F. S.

## NOTES BY A CONSTANT READER

### I

[OCTOBER 22, 1891]

I was told, the other day, by an experienced and judicious person, that it was most desirable to form the habit of reading novels: because, in periods of worry, distress, illness or enforced rest, no possible resource was so valuable. I hugged myself on hearing this: for I do not often form good habits, and since I have certainly formed the habit of reading novels, though I did not form it until rather late—certainly long after I took my degree—I venture to hope that, for once, I have discovered in myself an unsuspected merit. The discoveries one makes about oneself are generally of an exactly opposite character.

The habit of reading novels is a phrase which means more than appears at first sight. A person cannot really be a habitual novel-reader, unless he take pleasure in reading bad novels as well as good. The number of good novels which the world contains

is not enough to supply the wants of an habitual reader, unless he has a faculty for reading things over and over again so abnormally developed as to render him an exception, not worth considering by a person engaged in the study of general principles. Ninety-nine habitual novel-readers out of a hundred are readers of bad novels as well as of good ; and the man who sees no good in wasting on admittedly bad novels the time so sparingly doled out to him by that destiny which has also bestowed upon him capacities far exceeding the measure of his opportunities, such a man—and I speak with feeling, for I was such a man myself for many years—is not, and would scorn to be, an habitual novel-reader. I am glad to know that the habit which this important and valuable section of the human race does not possess, is a good habit : for I had sometimes felt a feeling of regret, if not of remorse, at having ceased to belong to that section myself.

Now a person who reads bad novels is likely also to read other bad books. But an habitual novel-reader, as we have seen, almost always reads bad novels. Therefore an habitual novel-reader is likely also to read other bad books. The fact that a man is likely to read other bad books as well as bad novels, makes the habit of novel-reading even more interesting and important than I have hitherto shown it to be. For the man who reads only good books may know as little of the world which is made up of books, as a



man who met only good people would know of the world which is made up of people. It would certainly be dull, and probably be demoralizing, to know no bad people: and a constant and exclusive perusal of volumes likely to be included in authorised versions of the Hundred Best Books might well produce undesirable results.

I say that the habitual novel-reader is likely to read bad books of all sorts, but I would by no means suggest that he is certain to do so, or that he is nearly as likely to do so as he is to read bad novels. All that can be established about him for certain is that one of the reasons which deters men from reading bad books—a determination to read nothing that is not first-rate, does not exist for him; since, if it did, he would not be an habitual novel-reader. But it is perfectly possible that the habitual novel-reader may read absolutely nothing except novels. The habit of novel-reading may be due to that congenital laziness which inclines a person at any moment to do that which costs the least effort; or to that inherent perversity which inclines him always to do that which there is the least apparent fitness in doing at the moment. In the former case the same laziness which causes a person to read novels may prevent him (or her) from ever doing anything else except such duties as are necessary to be done in order to keep out of the workhouse, the gaol, or the lunatic asylum. This is a bad state of things for almost anybody. I will

go so far as to say, that if the habit of novel-reading is the only habit a person has, it is hardly a good habit at all. The second case which I have supposed is less fraught with disaster and less conducive to intellectual decay than the first. The inherent perversity which makes a person read novels at times when it is obviously improper and absurd to read novels may possibly lead them to read philosophy, poetry, science, and theology at times when the study of these subjects is evidently out of place ; and such times abound in the life-time of every man. Nevertheless, there are always many things which it is improper to do at a given moment, besides a larger and constant number of things which it is improper to do at any moment whatever. It is therefore impossible to rely upon the inherently perverse. The outlets of perversity are innumerable, and you cannot be certain that the most perverse of men will ever read Voltaire or Shakespeare ; not because it is not certain (for it is) that he will have many opportunities of reading them perversely (in church, for instance, or during a football match), but because these pursuits will have to compete continuously with many other pursuits, some of them essentially seductive to the inherently perverse.

But when a novel-reader is not inordinately lazy and not extravagantly perverse, nor yet so feeble in intellect as to be unable to read serious books, nor so hopelessly ignorant as not to know anything of the topics to which books refer, nor so passionately

devoted to out-door life as never to go into a library, nor so continuously occupied with commercial, professional or social pursuits as barely to find time even for his (or her) novel-reading ; when, in short, the novel-reader is not subject to any of the ordinary disabilities which prevent the great majority of human beings from reading more than a very few books after they settle down in life ; when, to put it more shortly, the novel-reader is also a "general reader," he will probably be a reader of bad books as well as of good books. Of those who habitually read books—a small but not wholly contemptible class—there are two kinds. First there are those who read books which their friends tell them they "ought to read," and books which they think it will be good for them to read, and books which they are ashamed of having to say that they have not read, or, by the help of a lie, that they have read ; "good books," in short, not of course in the worst and vilest sense of the word, but in the sense in which Shakespeare, and Molière, and Scott, and Dickens, and Newman, and Meredith are good, and in which Martin Tupper, and Mr. G. R. Sims, and "Hugh Conway" are bad. Secondly, there are those who read a book when it comes their way because it happens to be a book, and not for any other reason. Let us for convenience sake call this second class by the name of constant readers. Let me say that of general readers some are readers of the Hundred Best Books, and others are constant readers.

I sum up what has gone before by declaring, that if a general reader is an habitual novel-reader, he is pretty sure to be a constant reader, and not a reader of the Hundred Best Books; and I introduce what is to come by observing that I am a constant reader myself.

## II

[NOVEMBER 5, 1891]

I have not exhausted the advantages of being a novel-reader, and therefore, in all probability, a constant reader. A man who enjoys this privilege is not only a reader of bad books as well as of good: he is also a reader of old books as well as of new; or, as the case may be, of new books as well as of old. Either of these results is advantageous: but the latter is, in one way at least, a more valuable boon than the former. It is no doubt well for a man who reads all the new books to read old books too, because there are not enough new books to satisfy him. But the man who reads new books by choice and old books only by necessity is not likely to be a general reader of the most valuable kind: and his recourse to old books is not likely to be nearly so useful to him as it is to the reader of old books by choice, and of new books by accident. The former is the lowest kind of general reader. He has a perilous affinity with the reader of the Hundred Best Books: the reader

who reads what he will benefit by, or what it may be a social disadvantage not to have read. Reading devoted primarily and essentially to the perusal of new books, and to knowing what the reviewers know, and talking as the reviewers talk, is only rescued from the lowest rank, and entitled to be called constant reading at all, because it extends even to such new books as are not mentioned by the reviewers, and because, if the new books fall short, it will be extended so as to include a portion of the old. But one who reads an old book solely because there is no new book at hand to read, is very unlikely to read old books to the best possible advantage.

Therefore I say that the latter of the two classes is the more important and the more favoured, and that (paradoxical as the statement may appear to those who are not so careless as to think it insignificant) the reading of new books as well as of old is a greater boon than the reading of old books as well as new. There are men who ordinarily, in leisure moments, pick up an old book ; and who wait to read the books which arouse the enthusiasm of journalists and feed the chatterers at social gatherings, until they have become old, and been forgotten by the superficial critic. Those men are more likely to read to good purpose than those whose first aim is to get the newest publication. It is therefore more important that they should obtain a small opportunity of which they will make good use, than that their inferiors

should obtain a great opportunity of which they will make small use. It is well that the reader of Voltaire, Swift, Defoe, Howel, Marlowe and Brantôme, should have a look at "Robert Elsmere" and the "Wages of Sin" before they have become practically obsolete. It will be good for him, and it will be good for the cause of sound criticism. His natural inclination is to neglect these works so long as they are the cause of wide-spread loquacity, and not to take them up until they have become books wholly dependent on their intrinsic qualities for literary eminence, and interesting as evidence of the sort of thing that was written and read at a period sufficiently remote for dispassionate analysis. The fact, therefore, that a constant reader is likely to read almost anything in the way of a book which he happens to find under his hand, is a fortunate circumstance, among other reasons, because it forces people with a strong preference for old books not entirely to neglect the new.

Moreover it is a characteristic of the genuine constant reader that he will read foreign books as well as native books. A book is none the less a book because it is written in a foreign language, however unintelligible or undesirable. The constant reader will of course encounter some works written in a language wholly incomprehensible, and printed perhaps in type which he cannot decipher. Even these volumes he will recognise for books. One of them may keep him employed for a leisure quarter of

an hour. He will make what he can of the title page. He will see whether the general character of the type, and the method of printing more nearly resemble one or another of the typographical styles with which he is acquainted. He will try to trace and identify a constantly recurring word: an "I," a "he," an "and," or a "for." He will study the punctuation, the breaking up of the sentences, the length of the words, the variability of roots and frequency of inflections. If he has handled a book in the same language before, reminiscences will be awakened, and possibly new light will be thrown on baffling problems of minute bibliosophy. To study a book in Russian or Arabic, or even in Spanish or Welsh, without any knowledge whatever of the language in question, is not a specially interesting or an eminently fruitful occupation: but the ideal constant reader will do it all the same, and will enjoy doing it.

If a wholly unintelligible book is better than no book at all to a constant reader, there is no doubt that he will make every effort to meet with as few unintelligible books as possible. He will be a student of languages all his life, and will make every effort to retain and extend such knowledge of languages, whether ancient or modern, as his education, or youthful experiences, may chance to have conferred upon him. By reading, unscrupulously and audaciously, without the aid of a dictionary, books written in languages which he has no right to say that he

knows, he will convert a slight and elementary knowledge of particular languages into sound and practically useful knowledge. Indeed, a constant reader comes to read books in a way wholly different from that of a person whose idea of reading is reading aloud, or being read to aloud, in a circle of persons who think that an hour or two every day ought to be devoted to conscientiously and accurately traversing the exact course which the writer of a book has laid down for them. To read for a given time every day, and to make sure that you have not "skipped," are the attributes of persons most remote in methods and tastes from true constant readers. Some of these persons join societies, bind themselves by vows, and expose themselves to pecuniary liabilities in case of default, in order to make themselves certain of doing their duty by the books which the world contains. But a constant reader joins no society, takes no oaths and pays no fines. He reads when he can, and where he can, and as long as he feels inclined. He does not use "book-markers." He does not copy out edifying passages. He does not keep a methodical record of his reading. He has no conscientious scruple about skipping. He reads as much or as little of a book as he feels disposed. He will spend an hour one day in tearing the heart out of a big book ; an hour next day in dwelling on the minutest shades of style and meaning in half a dozen pages which he almost knows by heart. His own pleasure is his



only guide in reading. Sometimes it pleases him to find out as quickly as possible what an author had to say ; sometimes to realise as fully as possible how he chose to say a thing ; sometimes to find the interesting passages in a dull book ; sometimes to sound the depth of dulness in the stupid parts of an interesting book. Books are at once his tools and playthings ; he can use them, apply them, criticise them, realise them, or lose himself in them ; he can feel as if he had written them, as if he had answered them, as if he were worshipping the writer, or as if he were about to horsewhip him. To all the uses he makes of books in collecting apply the name "to read" ; but "reading" in the sense of a person who belongs to an "hour a day" club is a very small part of the collection of processes to which the name "to read" applies.

J. K. S.

## ON BLUFFING

[FEBRUARY 18, 1892]

Bluffing as a deliberate artifice is of recent growth in our literature. It seems to spring from two different causes—from a legitimate desire to secure respectful consideration for genuine wares, and again from a dishonest wish to obtain readers on false pretences. In the former kind Anthony Trollope was a past master. In later life he frankly admitted that he had made it his practice to construct a phrase, a sentence, or a long passage, two or three times in a volume, which should awe the ignorant and bewilder the learned. His readers were to look up to him, as to a brilliant speaker on a platform, not as superior folk in the boxes look down on the toiling comedian. If we may judge from the complacency with which Trollope unfolds this stratagem, it must have answered his purpose more than enough. Nor is there reprehensible dishonesty in bluffing that deals only in bombast and eighteen-inch words.

But there are authors who bluff in another and a more cruel fashion. Their method is to carry the

reader bodily into an enchanted maze, and there leave him to wander in blissful pain until death or *ennui* relieves him. Perhaps this trick of weaving a plot for the reader to finish was suggested by history (though history more commonly mimics fiction, from *Lost Sir Massingberd* upwards); for the best of the "half-told tales" are historical. There are many in Herodotus, some of them stories whose end he seems never to have heard, some of them with solutions which with characteristic malice he knows but prefers not to say. Yet much may be forgiven him, in that he gives us the complete story of the Nasamonians, who went across the marshes to a race of pigmy sorcerers, and stayed in their town (was it Timbuctoo?) beside a big river full of crocodiles. Here was a grand opening for bluff, but the simple conclusion that they all came safely home is very much more satisfactory than that of a very tantalising story told with much detail by Strabo, of the man from Cyzicus, who, after two unsuccessful attempts to circumnavigate Africa, for each of which he was heavily fined at Alexandria, at last got fairly started southwards from the Pillars of Hercules. The rest of the facts, says Strabo, rubbing his hands at our disappointment, I really do not know; *but inquiries in the neighbourhood of Cadiz might elicit something!* The historian, or for that matter the novelist, who leaves us such locks as these to pick, deserves as little mercy "as the Examiners who set problems that will never come out." Probably

Mr. Frank Stockton made for himself more enemies than friends by writing *The Lady and the Tiger*, which, however, is hardly an instance of dishonest bluffing, for the three preliminary pages contain enough of clever work for most three-volume novels. It is even safe to suppose that the author has been impaled on the horns of his own dilemma, and is now working out his own solution in rage and misery.

But of all recent offenders the most hardy and unashamed is Mr. Rudyard Kipling. When he was a very young man and wrote in the *Pioneer* and the *Civil and Military Gazette*, he used to bluff so crudely that people laughed, and the phrase, "There was a cooly-woman once, but that is another story," became a proverb in India. But time has brought his revenges, and to-day "the young man from Lahore who got on in life by standing drinks," as a civilian jealously once described him, plays the game of literary poker as well as any whose name is known in Fleet Street. It is a vulgar game, but a subtle one too; and this is how he plays it. He assumes the part of an omniscient philosopher. No fact is too small for him, no generalisation too wide; with a single adjective he justifies a policy or condemns a continent. To keep up this assumed knowledge of things *dicenda et tacenda*, he gives you sudden glimpses of what he could tell you if he pleased: here a masterly aposiopesis, there a careless allusion, everywhere the trenchant tones that defy contradiction. It is impossible to disbelieve

Mr. Kipling ; it is possible to blame him for not putting our credulity to severe tests. Over his more interesting revelations he draws a veil of mystery, just to baffle the curiosity which the whole context was designed to whet. But it is time he took warning. The British public will not stand this literary bluffing for ever. Indeed, if I were a tyrant with a tyrant's taste for good literature hot and hot, I would clap Mr. Kipling into my dungeons and make him show his cards. I would learn at last whom he meant by the Biggest Liar in Asia ; perhaps a pretty bit of autobiography might be extracted under threats of the bastinado. I would make him tell me what two words breathed into the stables of what cavalry regiment will bring out the men with mops and belts and bad language ; and whether he knows their virtue by experiment or only by hearsay. He should describe to me the image that Spurstow's camera showed in the dead man's eyes ; and what evidence there is for that gruesome bit of pseudo-science. For his English characters and their daintiness or violence, as the case may be, I care little.

I have often wondered, but I should not ask, where Mrs. Hauksbee learned that astonishing habit of passing the lash of her riding-whip through her lips when she was thinking ; or what the Three Men did to Peythroppe at her request, that night when the long foot-rest chair was broken, and the trot of camels was heard in the compound, and they

four disappeared for six weeks. Sometimes I suspect that Mr. Kipling first invents and then answers his own riddles, in which case he is the prince of them that bluff. What, for instance, can have become of the Crown of Kafiristan? What happens if you shout to the grey wolf through the gate at even, "Badl khas is dead"? How was the man at Rawal Pindi sobered by being made a fool of? Who dance the Nálli-hukh, who and where and when? What did the Englishman say when he conferred with the Sub-judge till that excellent official turned green? What became of the Little Fish in the silver box, which was an unfailing love charm, and what was the nature of the only other regular working amulet in the world, which "was in the possession of a trooper of the Nizam's Horse"? These are but a few of the loose ends which Mr. Kipling will have to knot up some day. It may be that his sleeve is "stuffed full of aces and bowers, and the same with intent to deceive," in which case he had better take ship for India. Personally, I still believe that there are answers to these questions; but it will go hard with Mr. Kipling if he strains our faith much longer.

# ON SOME PASSAGES IN JANE AUSTEN'S MANSFIELD PARK

## I

[NOVEMBER 30, 1893]

Some time ago, when the edition of Jane Austen's novels by Mr. R. B. Johnson was noticed in the *Cambridge Review*, attention was called to some of the more or less obvious errors of printing, which, as is well known, are in most or all of her works unhappily frequent. It may be worth while to resume the subject, for the purpose of pointing out two curious cases of an exceptional kind, which forcibly illustrate the difficulties and dangers of such investigations, and the ease with which the "corruptions" may be propagated and the truth irremediably obscured.

The passages in question are both to be found in *Mansfield Park*, and in the same scene—that in which Mr. Rushworth's mother pays a visit at Mansfield and gives her invitations for the famous visit to Sotherton (Chap. 8: Vol. I. pp. 77—82, ed. R. B. J.). In each case there is an established text, produced by altera-

tions, plausible and apparently certain, of what was allowed to stand in both the editions passed by the author herself. And in each the alteration is erroneous, while the original sentences, although, with a little more professional skill than Miss Austen happened to possess, they might perhaps have been better exhibited in type, are not only right in substance but very interesting and characteristic of her mind.

It will be remembered that the party present on the occasion includes Mrs. Rushworth, the usual Bertram group (with the exception, in the first instance, of Edmund), and, as visitors from the parsonage, Mrs. Grant and Mary Crawford, who have dropped in at the Park by accident. Mrs. Rushworth, "a well-meaning, civil, prosing, pompous woman, who thought nothing of consequence but as it related to her own and her son's concerns", is dealing all round invitations for a proposed excursion to her great house. The plan, as originally made, was to include Mrs. Norris, the two Misses Bertram, and Mr. Crawford. It has been further settled, after some humorous little performances, that Lady Bertram will not be at the trouble of going, and that Lady Bertram cannot spare Fanny Price. We then read, or rather should read, if we possessed either of the author's own editions, as follows :

"Mrs. Rushworth proceeded next, under the conviction that everybody must be wanting to see Sotherton, to



include Miss Crawford in the invitation ; and though Miss Grant, who had not been at the trouble of visiting Mrs. Rushworth on her coming into the neighbourhood, civilly declined it on her own account, she was glad to secure any pleasure for her sister ; and Mary, properly pressed and persuaded, was not long in accepting her share of the civility."

The eye and ear of the reader stumble of course at the name of "Miss Grant" ; there is no such person in the book. Almost equally as a matter of course, the re-prints simply substitute "Mrs." for "Miss", mostly without observation, Mr. Johnson with a footnote recording the original ; and in this shape the sentence slips quietly through. The present writer, for instance, must have read it so at least a dozen times.

This, however, is but one among many frequent proofs, how little activity of the mind may go to the amusement which we dignify by the name of reading. Very little consideration will show that the "corrected" text is nothing better than nonsense. "Mrs. Grant" we are told according to this version "civilly declined the invitation on her own account." Did she indeed ? What invitation did she civilly decline ? Mrs. Rushworth meets at Lady Bertram's an intimate of the house, Miss Crawford, with whom she is herself unacquainted, and asks Miss Crawford to visit her. Thereupon Mrs. Grant, another stranger, civilly declines the invitation on her own account. How very

civil ! But how easy, and how much more civil, for Mrs. Grant to wait until she was asked ! And the sequel is more wonderful still. Mrs. Grant, though so ready with her own refusal, “was glad to secure any pleasure for her sister” Miss Crawford. Then why does she intercept the invitation addressed to her sister, instead of leaving her sister to accept it ? Miss Crawford’s pleasure was already secure, if Mrs. Grant would but allow her to speak ; how then should Mrs. Grant “secure” it by thrusting herself forward unasked ? Miss Crawford, a very independent young lady, is for the time being resident with Mrs. Grant, and for this reason she might, or might not, consult her before accepting. Yet for this again Mrs. Grant might with more civility have waited. Mrs. Grant in short, as the affair is represented in the emended text, had nothing whatever to do with the proposal ; and the emendation therefore is absurd. To reach upon this tack the semblance of sense, we should have to write thus : “Mrs. Rushworth proceeded next . . . to include Miss Crawford in the invitation, *and Mrs. Grant* ; and though Mrs. Grant ” etc. This would at least give Mrs. Grant an invitation to decline ; but it would still remain a mystery what she need do, or could do, to “secure the pleasure” for her sister. Moreover this would be, in the language of the commentators, rather to re-write than to correct.

No such improvement is wanted. The original words are right, and add an excellent touch to the

general purport of the scene. The humour of the situation turns upon Mrs. Rushworth's belief that "everybody must be wanting to see Sotherton", and the way in which she asks and presses everybody in turn, without reserve and without discrimination. The procedure, as conceived by the author, was this. Mrs. Rushworth, having invited all the people whom she knew, and also Fanny Price, whom she hardly knew, was going on to invite the two callers, beginning with Miss Crawford. But having no knowledge of either, beyond the two names as given in a rapid, formal introduction, she made the sort of mistake which we have all seen made under similar circumstances ; *while naming "Miss Crawford" she addressed herself to Mrs. Grant.* Under these circumstances, and only under these circumstances, it was natural that Mrs. Grant, in order to pass the matter off without an awkward hitch, should answer the equivocal invitation on behalf of both, "she could not have the pleasure herself, but perhaps her sister . . . ." and so on, thus "securing" the gratification for Mary, while declining it on her own account. The author, wishing to bring in this bit of by-play, and yet not to cumber the story with detail, puts it tersely and suggestively thus :

Mrs. Rushworth proceeded next, under the conviction that everybody must be wanting to see Sotherton, to include "Miss Crawford" in the invitation ; and though "Miss" Grant, who had not been at the trouble of visiting Mrs. Rushworth on her coming into the neighbourhood,

civilly declined it on her own account, she was glad to secure any pleasure for her sister ; and Mary, properly pressed and persuaded, was not long in accepting her share of the civility.

The unappropriated description "*Miss*" *Grant* is purposely used as a brief equivalent for "the person addressed as *Miss*, whose true name happened to be not Miss Crawford but Mrs. Grant." The latter part of the paragraph, as well as the former, depends upon this equivocation for its point and sense. It is because the invitation, though worded for Miss Crawford, was not unmistakably intended for her, that she requires to be "properly pressed and persuaded" before accepting it ; and she is said to accept not "the civility" but "her share of the civility", because, such and so far civil as it was, it was actually divided between two.

That the author wrote the sentences as above printed, with the desirable *inverted commas*, I would not assert. It is likely enough that she wrote exactly what her printer printed and she in two revisions allowed. Her literary training was unprofessional, and her books are full of evidence that her command of typography was far from complete. But the words which she meant to write, and wrote, did in this instance get through the press, and though chargeable perhaps with excessive brevity, they are highly significant both of her minute recollection of social tricks, and her fastidious anxiety at all events not to be too diffuse or too emphatic.

## II

[DECEMBER 7, 1893]

Guided by this example, we can also see our way through another, similar and similarly spoilt, in the same scene. When Fanny Price, as we saw above, is invited to join the excursion, her two aunts, in their respective styles, promptly decline on her behalf. But Edmund, who appears just in time to learn what has been settled and to attend Mrs. Rushworth to her carriage, proposes on his return that his favourite Cousin Fanny shall nevertheless go, he himself remaining instead as companion for his mother, Lady Bertram. Mrs. Norris, who of course opposes Fanny's interest, objects that Mrs. Rushworth will be offended if Fanny goes, after her going has been pronounced impossible. Since Mrs. Rushworth has made it superfluously clear that for her purposes one admirer of Sotherton is as good as another, and has particularly regretted the misfortune of not receiving Miss Price, Mrs. Norris's apprehension is altogether baseless, and does not for a moment pass as sincere. But Edmund is provided with an additional refutation. Mrs. Norris, he says,

" . . . need not distress herself on Mrs. Rushworth's account, because he had taken the opportunity, as he walked with her through the hall, of mentioning Miss Price as one who would probably be of the party, and had directly received a very sufficient invitation for her cousin."

“A very sufficient invitation” say the re-prints, not “for *her* cousin” but “for *his* cousin”, that is to say for Fanny. And in this case it must be admitted that, if the re-prints were the sole evidence and the author’s editions were lost, it would be scarcely possible by the most attentive scrutiny to conceive a suspicion against the particular word *his*. But a suspicion, that something was wrong somewhere in the sentence, might easily be conceived by anyone versed in the author. For as given in the re-prints it is altogether unlike her and unworthy of her. Miss Austen did not make English like a penny-a-liner’s. Miss Austen did not spin out lines about things of no significance, or pad them with needless equivalents and false epithets. If she had meant no more than that Edmund, on mentioning Fanny, “had received an invitation for her”, this and no more she would have written. It is impossible in the circumstances that Mrs. Rushworth should have given to Edmund anything which could reasonably be described as “a very sufficient invitation” for Fanny. She had given her before, in the drawing-room, an invitation much more than sufficient, an invitation as plain and pressing as could be. The aunts had declared it impossible that Fanny should go. If Mrs. Rushworth had understood Edmund to say, as he escorted her out, that Fanny could and would go, she could do neither less nor more than assure him that, if it proved so, she should be very glad. But that is not

a "very sufficient" invitation. It is idle to describe a thing as "sufficient" if its sufficiency cannot conceivably be called in question; and no good writer would describe anything as "*very* sufficient", unless to mark some quality so peculiar as to require and justify the use of a forced and improper expression.\*

The truth is that here, as in the former example, the author, wanting to make a fine little point, and fearing to make too much of it, has scarcely allowed herself words enough for her meaning. When Edmund "mentioned Miss Price as one who would probably be of the party", Mrs. Rushworth did not very well understand to whom he referred. How could she? She had just been emphatically assured, by the ladies who ruled the family, that Fanny, the "Miss Price" in the drawing-room, could not possibly be of the party. How could she suppose that a young man like Mr. Edmund Bertram pretended to contradict Lady Bertram and Mrs. Norris upon such a point? But knowing in fact hardly anything of the house and its frequenters, she was quite ready to suppose, and naturally did suppose, that this "Miss Price" who "would probably be of the party" was some other Miss Price, a cousin perhaps (Edmund in his hasty hint would almost inevitably use the word "cousin")

\* In *Pride and Prejudice*, xv. (Vol. I., p. 71, ed. Johnson), the phrase "very sufficient income" belongs to the mind of Mr. Collins, who naturally would not be content to describe his income as *sufficient*, even when that was what he meant.

of the Fanny Price whom she had seen and had invited in vain. She would as willingly exhibit Sotherton to this hypothetical Miss Price as to everybody else, and therefore at once gave Mr. Bertram an invitation for "Miss Price's cousin". This is that invitation which is exactly and wittily described as "a very sufficient invitation". As applied to Fanny herself, it is certainly something less than a plain invitation ; but it is an invitation "sufficient" for her, because in the circumstances it would be sufficient for any lady whom the Bertrams chose to take, and also because Fanny did not really need any further invitation at all. Mrs. Norris's objections do not deserve, and do not receive, a serious answer. And further, this invitation may well be called "*very* sufficient", although these are words without proper meaning. There is something excessive in the sufficiency of an invitation transferable to anybody, a compliment payable, as it were, to bearer. And such is the character of Mrs. Rushworth's civilities, the essentially humorous element in this scene.

Here, as in the other case, type might have done something to ease the brevity of the wording. It would have drawn attention to the point designed if the sentence had been printed thus :

She need not distress herself on Mrs. Rushworth's account, because he had taken the opportunity, as he walked with her through the hall, of mentioning "Miss



Price" as one who would probably be of the party, and had directly received a very sufficient invitation *for her cousin!*

This would have been more clear; but it would also have been less delicate; and here, as in many another place, the author, economical of such arts, or careless, or perhaps partly both, has left the hint to find or to miss its way according to the alertness of the recipient. But what chance would there have been, in either of the two passages which we have considered, of recovering or establishing the original words, if we had nothing to work from but the reprints, documents much better and nearer to the source than those with which a critic must often be content?

A. W. VERRALL.

[NOTE.—I take this opportunity of mentioning, that the correction *say for stay* (*Mansfield Park*, Chap. ix. Vol. I. p. 106, ed. Johnson), given in the review above cited, was suggested to me in conversation by Dr. Henry Jackson, as I ought to have remembered.—A. W. V.]

## HOW TO COMMENTATE

[MAY 23, 1895]

One who has suffered many things from many commentators on Greek poetry in the last two years ventures to give some idea of their methods of procedure by imagining two stanzas of an English classic found as fragments two centuries later, and put under their treatment.

Wordsworth has been claimed by Max Müller ("Science of Language") as essentially ancient in feeling; so the first and third stanzas of one of his best known poems have been taken for the purpose. There is no exaggeration of tone in this specimen; it is impossible to caricature the confidence of the ordinary commentator, and his preference, especially if he be a German, for his own original poetry rather than that of the author before him. With a minimum of poetical feeling, he never fails to claim the poetical licence—*quidlibet audere*. The usual symbols and signs have been employed.

## WORDSWORDS.

Frag. 126 (Nockemorf. 129 a.) ed. Jabez.

1. A simple child †dear brother Jem†  
     That lightly draws its breath,  
 And feels its life in every limb,  
     What should it know of death?

\*           \*           \*           \*           \*

- (5) 7 She had a rustic woodland air,  
     6 And she was \*mildly glad\*  
     5 Her eyes were \*fine and very fair,  
     8 Her beauty made me \*sad.

“WORDSWORDS.” So I read: previous edd. Wordsworth, but “Wordswords,” a reduplicated form of “words,” found in Byron (“a literary eclogue”) is clearly correct, and intimates that these and similar pieces are *fragmenta adespota*—a collection of words or possibly volkslieder; see Schreckmann. Beiträge zur. vorm. Poes: 20th Ed. p. 1006.

1. Nockemorf omits all the first stanza as corrupt, and Rheinwein the whole frag. except the last line. “A little child” some copies, and so Wackford, who compares Hymns A. & M. 473, stanza 2, l. 2. “Dear brother Jim” or “Jem” (MSS.) is hopelessly corrupt. Sleimsoeth following Wackford’s idea conj. “so runs the hymn”; “I said to him,” Mammageorgius; “I spoke to him,” Hotmann; “A curious whim!” Pflippe; I am inclined to read my own conj. “*long-legged Jim*,”

see comm. and cf. Bret Harte, *Poems*: "why, you limb! | you ornery derved old—long-legged Jim!"

2. Buncke reads "his" for "its" in 1 and 2 and "he" for "it" in 4, and believes the first four lines to refer solely to "Jim."

5. 6. 7. 8. Following Pflugge I have transposed these lines, see comm. MSS. read "fair and very fair," which cannot be right. I read "fine and very fair," as Düdelsack; "blue and very fair," Bellman; which Nockemorf improves to "blue and fairly fair."

6. "Wildly clad," MSS.; "mildly glad," Buncke, and "sad" for "glad" (MSS.) in 8, whom I follow; see comm.

7. "Woodland air," MSS.; "woodland hair," Buncke; but this is *hardly* possible with the verb "had" and the indefinite article preceding.

8. Condemned by Boscher as unmetrical.

1. These beautiful verses represent a rustic maiden of graceful mien but disordered mind presenting herself before the poet as a vagrant asking alms; though not apparent on the surface, this is clearly the sense of the passage.

1. "Simple" is clearly not used in the ordinary sense, but implies idiotic, as the Greek *ἐνήθης* (cf.

O. E. seely ; German selig ; Engl. silly). I have no doubt that Wordsworth speaks of a vagrant child of a harmless type of idiocy ; idiots were always a favourite subject with him. Touches such as these underlying apparent simplicities of diction render the work of a commentator on these Fragments a particularly exacting task. I have retained "its" in 2 and 3 and "it" in 4, as the sex of the child need not be specified, though I think that the child of the first four lines is further described in the second stanza, and addresses "long-legged Jim," perhaps her brother, in the first line ; an apparently violent sudden turn to the vocative is a well-known feature in poetry. As to my conj. "long-legged Jim," proper names are particularly liable to corruption—cf. Tennyson (*Lyrics-Princess*) : all copies extant read "Rose a nurse of ninety years, | placed his child upon her knee," but what is now taken as a verb is doubtless a proper name, and the passage should run, "Rose, a nurse of ninety years, | placed. . . ." A contemporary hand no doubt changed Jim to Jem, and inserted the "dear brother" as a marginal comment, which has now found its way into the text.

4. Höckewöke objects that the idea of death is innate in all human beings, and cf. Hartleson, "*Der Mensch in der Religionsgeschichte*," Vol. 10, p. 34, ed. 10, but this objection is met by my view that the child is an idiot, and therefore not so fully gifted as the ordinary human being.

5—8. I have transposed these lines, following Pflugge; they are sensible and admissible as they stand, but I prefer the other order.

7 (5). The MSS. "fair and very fair" gives a weak and impossible tautology. I read "fine and very fair" in the sense of course of "fair" as opposed to "dark": "fine" is very near "fair" in MSS. writing, and better than "blue" which only repeats "fair"; the view that "fair and very fair" means "beautiful and very beautiful" hardly needs a mention; it is undeniably weak. Nockemorf's "blue and fairly fair" gives a vulgar and commonplace tone to this elevated passage.

6. I follow Buncke in reading "mildly glad" and "sad" in 8. The alteration of letters is so very small that his brilliant suggestion can hardly be called a conjecture; it is quite certain; the copyist took the second "glad" from two lines above, a common error. The MSS. reading will not do: an idiot girl, especially if "wildly clad," would not awaken joy in a poet's breast. Sadness is a particularly appropriate feeling; the poet, no doubt, moralises on the weakness of the Socratic doctrine that "beauty of face indicates beauty of mind" (Bruce: *Athenæum* artic. on Ancient Beauty). A mild gladness on the part of the girl is a different thing, and we may notice that with the poet gladness not *per se*, but tempered with mildness, was a congenial frame of mind recognised by him in many objects; but here the hope of the vagrant that she will receive

a small sum in alms from the poet is finely hinted at, and I have no doubt that the rustic maiden was the recipient of the poet's generosity. His frame of mind was not always, I conjecture, that of his poem—Frag. 183 (2006, a. Nockemorf). "Thus did he cry, and thus did pray, | and what he meant was, 'Keep away, | and leave me to myself!'"—though here the poet himself need not be speaking, as Boscher supposes. We may compare his attitude here to that of his friend, C. Lamb, in the essay on the "Decay of Beggars," but the Vagrancy Act at this time was strict (see Brassenkettle, *Leg. Ann. Dig.* 2, 19). I cannot agree with Smarttork, who sees a veiled reference to the Reform Bill and Napoleonic invasion in this passage.

V. H. R.

## A LETTER TO FRESHMEN

[OCTOBER 24, 1895]

(From the Unpublished Papers of the late Right Hon. *Philip Dormer*, fourth *Earl of Chesterfield*.)

*Spa*, Oct. xvth.

DEAR BOYS,—It is now some years since I entered the University of which you are the Latest Members, but if you refer to the *Encyclopaedia* which, I make no doubt, each of you possesses, you will find that my Career was not without some *Distinction*, and that, while paying Due attention to the Studies so necessary to a *Diplomatic Education*, I acquired a Grace of Manners and a Civility which has since favoured my Progress through the Courts of *Europe*. I was no mere *Beau*: as became a Gentleman of Family, I joined the fashionable *Clubs* of the University, but, in consorting with their Members, kept a strict Regard to *Economy* in Expenditure, and avoided that Appearance of Means which is the surest test of *Vulgarity*. Thus I think that there can be no Person better suited than Myself to Advise you in this early Stage of your



Experience, and if (as alas ! I have known it happen in my *Nearest Relations*) my Admonition is sown upon an Ungrateful Soil, the Fault is not mine. And first (to make no further *Preamble*) I would have you Respect those Humane Laws which the *University* so justly imposes on you. Your *Tutors*, with that generosity which is so Signal a Recommendation of their Class, have Presented you with a little Book, in which are Described the *Rules* she enjoins and the *Advantages* she offers to your Obedience. I have known a Man who, with a Superior Contempt of those Regulations, would scarcely be Prevailed upon to wear a Cap and Gown, who would neglect the *Decorum* of the Study and Lecture Room for a Country Ride, and would drive *Tandem*, as we say, on Sundays ; who Spent his Days at the *Race-Course*, and his Nights in the *Watch-House* ; who, despising these Advantages, would never frequent the University Sermon, though Dr. *South* himself should be the Preacher, and not only had never seen the *Penetralia* of the University's *Library*, but hardly knew that there was such a Place. On the other hand, I knew one Student who was so *Enamour'd* of the Statutes as to be clothed perpetually in a Sad-coloured Coat, and, even in his Chambers, always wore his *Academic* Costume after sunset. At Break of Day, he would repair (after a hasty *Toilette*) to the *Library*, and was never out at the *Sermon*. Now, I would have you Avoid either of these Extremes, the first of which is unmannerly, and the second

*Laughable.* A Civil Youth will know where to place the Mean. He will break no Rules save those whose Infringement is unhindered by Detection; he will show a Sufficient *Gratitude* for those Advantages by a Courteous *Inspection* of the one, and a limited *Irregularity* of Attendance at the other. And, if he is something Uncultured and Rude, and hath not yet learned his Manners at *Eaton* or *Winton* Colleges, now is the Time for his Improvement.

But there are some, who, altho' they have all the *Characters* of a Gentleman of *Ton*, still Suffer from an Infelicity of Diction which it is hard to uproot. They talk a Language of their own, so *Barbarian* and Uncouth that it can only be Matched by those *Tongues* which the Genius of my late Friend, the Dean of Saint *Patrick's* Discover'd in his Matchless Piece of *Gulliver*. These will Speak of the *Commonest* Things by most Recondite *Titles*, so that it is Difficult even for a well-bred Man to Fathom the *Arcana* of their Conversation, which they will Carry, by continual Use, into the *Politest* Company. I do not say that this is Criminal, but it is a Defect of Manners hard to be Remedied, and much to be Deplor'd. The *Ungrammatical* Person will always excite Ridicule in a huge degree: this sort of Man, open to no other Reproach of Behaviour, will, by his Pedantry (for I can call this Jangling Talk by no Name else), open the Fountains of Pity in those who are perhaps his Inferiors, if not by *Birth*, at least in Talent and *Education*. But a worse Fault than

this is that Extravagance which the Philosopher rightly condemns as an *excess*. A lavish Expense too often Denotes a lowness of Mind and *Principle*. If you will give Dinners, avoid a too Sumptuous Appearance: this is Specious enough for an *Alderman*, but is an Abuse of your Gentility. If you will procure Dogs and Horses, consult your Relatives, for, at your time of life, you will scarce yet know one Horse or Dog from another, and will be as knowing in the Purchase of a *Lion* or a *Tyger*; nor can you so Early afford to Amuse the *Wise*. You will be Beset by *Touts* with Promises of Gorgeous *Apparel* and *Illustrated* editions of the Immortal *Shakespeare* at a long Credit. Your Refusals, if they are Impartial, will be well-judg'd, for a Heap of *Debts* will do no small Harm to your *Reputation*. But, in this careful Nurture of your *Behaviour* and Conduct, I would have you pay a Strict Devotion to *Literature*. The Buying a Library will give you some Fame as a *Connoisseur*: the Reading of it will make your Presence everywhere Acceptable, if joined with the Indispensable *Grace* of a Courtly Demeanour. I cannot repress my Pity when I think that Dr. Samuel *Johnson*, a man of the widest Culture, would have Shone in any Court, had he possessed but Agreeableness of Manner and studied the Care of his Person. His Reflexions on my Correspondence you doubtless remember: they are expressed with the greatest Terse-ness, but the coarsest Ferocity of Language. I have in my *Bureau* a letter addressed from him to me in

Return for a kindness I offered him, which shows an Ingratitude rivalled only by its Indelicacy of *Expression*. This is the Result of an Extreme which is most Deplorable and Ruinous. Preserve a mean course : avoid falling into Habits, however pleasing : let your *Routine* of Work and Reading be varied by Social Recreation. Keep yourselves Acquainted with the Actions of the Day. Your Bookseller will provide you with a daily Newsletter, and if you wish for instruction and learned Comment, a weekly Purchase of that *Palatable Journal*, the *Cambridge Review*, will supply your Wants. Your own judgment, if it can be Depended upon, will doubtless Invite you to Public Lectures, which you should now and then attend, more especially if your *Tutor* is the Lecturer ; for the Partiality of a *Tutor*, if it hinders your Popularity among your *Comrades*, is a sure Step to your future Advancement. Let me, in conclusion, Assure you that your Compliance with these valuable Maxims is not the least Compliment that you can Pay to one so highly Esteemed for his *Perfect Knowledge* of the World as

CHESTERFIELD.

# AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES

## I

[NOVEMBER 7, 1895]

To most Englishmen the names Harvard and Yale are perfectly familiar ; but except for the vague impression, on the whole not incorrect, that they are the Oxford and Cambridge of America, a very real and general ignorance exists on this side of the Atlantic with regard to not only the academic organisation of either of them, but also the life of the men who are being educated there to-day. This ignorance may be in part attributed to the disinclination shown by Europeans for travelling westwards, but is probably more largely due to the non-existence in the past of any mechanism by which an interchange of educational advantages could be effected between the older Universities of Great Britain and those of America. But the reproach implied here, and which is so much more strongly expressed in the yearly migration of American graduate students through England, past Oxford and Cambridge, towards the German Universities, seems now to be on a fair way towards removal.

The relations, too, between the younger members of the great English and American Universities, which have been always cordial, if ill-defined, have shown of late marked signs of change. Oxford and Yale, Yale and Cambridge, have already met in athletic rivalry, and there are signs that these contests are only the beginning of an extended series. But far more significant than these have been occurrences incidental to the latest of these meetings\*—above all, the introduction of Cambridge students to both Harvard and Yale, not as tourists and sightseers, nor, we can believe, simply as members of an athletic team, but as the friends and guests of the undergraduates themselves of those Universities. If any proof were needed of the essential unity of the two great divisions of the English-speaking races in their University youth at least, it might be found in the welcome given to Cambridge men at Harvard and at Yale—a welcome given first because they were of the great University brotherhood—a courtesy made perfect by its spontaneity and fitness.

It is indeed very surprising that there should be so many points in common between England and America in the general aims and interests of student life at their Universities. For this relationship, impressive rather than definable, is everywhere obscured by the results of actual differences of climate, of national history, and of academic constitution.

\* On October 5th, 1895, at New York.

The men of Harvard and Yale are not drawn from so narrow a class as those of Oxford and Cambridge. Attracting students from all classes and all parts of a huge continent, these American Universities occupy a position intermediate in a sense between the older English Universities and those of Scotland. Like the latter, they primarily represent what is simply a phase in the education of their members ; but like the former, they are also to be regarded as extending special privileges other than those of increased scholarship. These relative positions can be illustrated in another way. A student at Edinburgh is subject to little restraint, either in the lecture-room or in the street. At Harvard or Yale he is rigorously supervised in his studies, while his habit of life may be his own. By a strange inversion an undergraduate with us may be "costumed, disciplined, and drilled by Proctors," but he certainly has the complete option of idleness or study.

At the largest American Universities the actual university life includes a large part of what in England is confined to the great Schools. The American College may be said to be represented in England by the upper forms of the Schools (our "Public" Schools) together with the University, although, at the same time, the average age of entering the University is the same in both countries. From such schools in America ("preparatory" schools) boys pass from the Fifth Form direct to the University. Those not con-

templating such an extension of education enter the Fifth Form, and are able to earn a diploma there in many cases. Perhaps, as a result of this, the relation of School to University is affected. In England, school spirit, especially in athletic fields, predominates even in the Universities ; there are cases within recent history where school spirit has had the moulding of athletic policy in certain colleges. But in America the College (now the "University") spirit, so fierce in itself, even penetrates to the schools ; as if a boy destined for Harvard should treat a future member of Yale to a foretaste of "Harvard indifference."

The fundamental distinction between either Harvard or Yale as a University comprising faculties, and Oxford or Cambridge as each a group of little universities combined in one, important as it is for good or evil to the Universities concerned, cannot be said to affect the character of the student life in any of them, except in so far as the college system in England provides a large additional field for athletic rivalry.

But in at least one conspicuous case the letter of the academic scheme has moulded the spirit of the undergraduate life. This is the sharp division of the men in American Universities into classes, resulting as it does in the class feeling so characteristic of them. A freshman, joining the freshman class at the outset of his career, belongs for all time to that class so long as he can contrive to keep pace within sufficiently broad limits with a certain roughly prescribed advance



in learning as tested by periodical examinations. His rejection from the class, from the men that is of his own year, may occur at any time during his four years at the University, should he be sufficiently stupid or lazy. The class—the freshman class of four years ago—finally emerges from its last examinations a body of graduates. Each class is denoted by the numerals of the year in which its graduation is accomplished. So that we may have a series from freshman (class of '99), sophomores, juniors, to seniors (class of '96). It is only where studies are concerned that the class distinction is maintained by academic authority. By undergraduate practice, however, the distinction becomes almost one of caste.

In the history it appears of all Anglo-Saxon youth there has been at all times a necessity for the administration of correction, at one period or another, to the "bumptious" junior. In England this problem is slowly worked out in the public schools to the salvation of many. With Americans, however, the process, dangerously postponed, comes into play at a time when the passions, further from the surface, can only be manifested in volcanic fashion, and at an age when the correction of a man by his one year's senior is too unnatural to be anything but arbitrary.

The sophomore class in an American University is the police brigade of the undergraduate community. It is not only the inevitable and jealous rival of the freshman class, but, supported by an etiquette stronger

than law, is its actual and frequent oppressor. Civilisation has within recent years modified this oppression to a large degree, the feeling of a sophomore to a freshman being now perhaps only four or five times stronger than that of mild superiority expressed in the bearing of a second year man at Cambridge to his junior. The most startling barbarities, however, are related by not very old graduates of Harvard and Yale, as having been practised in their day by sophomores upon freshmen during the process termed the "hazing" of the latter. No indignity was too insufferable in those days to be borne by a freshman, no cruelty too great for sophomore to inflict.

In the smaller colleges these barbarities still linger. In the *World*\* newspaper not a month ago there appeared an account of what the large headline declared to be a "clever prank by Sophs." These ingenious gentlemen had managed, it seems, to upset a freshman from his bicycle, and, after taking his money, had left him gagged and tied to a tree, from which he escaped several hours after. The "hazing" process has happily, at the larger Universities, practically degenerated to a not quite passive contempt for freshmen in general, and to certain rudiments of persecution which are perpetuated as interesting customs.

The rivalry between the sophomore and freshman classes is emphasized at the outset of the academic

\* The New York *World*.

year by contests of champions from either class in the well-known "cane sprees," "freshmen rushes," &c. The "freshman rush" at Yale has now become a wrestling match in which three freshmen meet three sophomore champions. This takes place at night on a piece of waste ground, after a torchlight procession round the town. To one whose career at Cambridge was inaugurated in the smiling Corn Exchange there must seem something savage in that scene—a scene which gives to many Yale freshmen probably their first strong impression of college life. The bronzed, half-naked figures struggling in the ring, surrounded by the steep banks of faces rising from those kneeling in front; the whole illuminated by the swinging torches held by the seniors. Then comes the sudden fall and struggle on the sandy ground, and the fierce long shout from the class whose champion has won.

Many minor restrictions are imposed upon freshmen. None may use a walking cane until after Washington's birthday (Feb. 22nd) in his first year, nor wear a silk hat until the same day in his sophomore year. A freshman may not smoke a pipe in the streets, and is barred from certain of the best restaurants in the town. It is not long since the historic Yale fence was destroyed, and many of its functions have now to be performed by the fence remaining on the Campus. All undergraduates except freshmen, and all graduates who cared to claim it, had the right

of seating themselves upon the two-railed wooden fence to indulge in talk or song. At the end of the academic year the sophomore class assembled upon their section of the fence and yielded it to their freshman successors. This was done in due form of speech by the sophomore "fence orator"—an elective office eagerly coveted. When the freshmen's "fence orator" had suitably accepted the boon, the freshmen sat upon the fence for the first time. The cession of the fence occurs earlier in the term if the freshman baseball team or boat crew have defeated the Harvard freshmen in that year.

The traditional hatred of sophomore to freshman results in a curious alternation of hostilities among the classes. The junior class in some sort is the natural protector of the freshmen against the sophomores—their old victims. The seniors, in a less defined way, are expected to sympathise with the sophomores against the juniors. In a sense, perhaps a narrow one, the class feeling of American Universities finds some equivalents in the college feeling with us. "A man of my class" occurs instead of "a man of my college," "good athletic class" for a "good athletic college"; and it is in proportion as class feeling waxes fierce that the members of each class are welded more firmly together against their common rivals.

The main feature of English undergraduate life, that which adds so much charm to residence at

Oxford or Cambridge, is entirely wanting at the American Universities. This is the general social life, the general intercourse from breakfast in the morning till the last pipe at night, which may be shared by all members of the community to a greater or less degree. At Yale or Harvard, what actually social life there is exists only among the numerous sets into which the community is divided. The reason of this seems perfectly obvious. The social life of any community must rest on a material basis of food, and to this rule those of Oxford and Cambridge form no exception. The members of every college dine together in Hall, certainly under the letter of compulsion, but on the whole not unwillingly, and, to make the thing complete, every man has all his other meals and performs almost every other function in his own rooms or in those of a friend.

At Harvard or Yale it is not so. There is in each case a dining hall, in which those who wish may be served with their meals for approximately cost price, at so much a week. At Yale it is as a rule only the poorer students who employ these advantages, and indeed the dining hall only accommodates 450 students altogether; at Harvard most students make a point of joining Memorial Hall, for a time at least. But here any attempt at a general society ends. No meals can be served in the rooms of a man in college; there are no gyp-rooms, and in the unfortunate absence of the afternoon-tea habit, which does so much for

other societies, no cake habitually occupies his cupboard. The bulk of the men at either University belong to various small dining clubs, and take their meals with the rest of their "club" at a public restaurant or in a private club-building. The effect of all this upon the general social life seems to an Oxford or Cambridge man disastrous. There is a complete absence of the entertainment of one man by another, and, perhaps more important, of the junior by his senior, which is such a feature of our daily life. The mainspring of Oxford or Cambridge life is that we live to eat, and to eat together.

The exclusiveness naturally engendered by this system of separate eating clubs is not diminished by the existence in the American Colleges of "secret societies." Of these there are Greek letter societies common to many of the colleges, while there are others peculiar to each college, the extent to which secrecy is preserved touching the latter, varying widely.

At Harvard the societies are shrouded in no more mystery than surrounds exclusive clubs in English communities. The Porcellian occupies very much the position of the Athenaeum or the Bullingdon—possessing, however, at the same time a very much more extensive and luxurious "material installation," including it must be remarked a large and well-chosen library. The Hasty Pudding Club is very similar in aim and arrangement to the A.D.C., which is half a century its junior. All the clubs have special club-

houses or club-rooms; the exceptional comfort and luxury of these corresponds with the conspicuous part they play in the social life of the University.

Where the secret societies of Yale—secret in more than name—are concerned, on the other hand, the etiquette of reserve is more strictly maintained, and the writer must be careful of his manners. At New Haven the club-buildings are a prominent architectural feature of the University. Each has a character of its own, many are beautiful in design. At the head of all, in age and in dignity, stand the three Senior Societies—the Skull and Bones, the Scroll and Keys, and the Wolf's Head—which at the end of every academical year elect about fifteen new members from the class about to enter its senior year.

Hardly a greater mark of distinction can be bestowed on a man during his career at Yale than his election to one of these Senior Societies. Whilst the election of members is going on in each of the clubs, the agitation of all the Junior year—for all are eligible—becomes intense. All are assembled with transparent mystery upon the Campus. On the election by one of the societies of a new member, an ambassador from the society's building, finding the successful candidate among the crowd, claps him on the shoulder and sends him to his room. The excitement increases as each disappearance renders the chances of the remainder less hopeful. But from the moment of his election as a member of a secret

body, a man's lips are sealed upon the subject of his society. A reference to his membership is an impertinence to be rewarded by the cut direct. A conspicuous personal ornament is the badge of one of the senior societies, and this is never suffered to leave the dress or its wearer, be it a bathing costume or the shroud.

It is, perhaps, as frequent for a man to go to Yale with the deliberate ambition of "making his Senior Society" as it is for an Englishman to enter Oxford or Cambridge intent upon earning his "Blue": and it is said that men have left Yale at the end of their Junior year on failing to accomplish what has been their object for three years.

In the face of such competition and desire, it is infinitely creditable to those electing bodies that the election should proceed, as is universally admitted to be the case, on the most honourable and disinterested lines. It is their patent design to distinguish, not pure athleticism nor good fellowship alone, but sterling character, and those qualities which make for honour and success in life when the University career is at an end.

## II

[NOVEMBER 14, 1895]

A considerable controversy, recently aroused upon the subject of the religion of the Cambridge under-



graduate,\* has shown the futility of any attempt to base a judgment of the theological tendencies of a body of young men upon even an intimate knowledge of individuals during one period. It may be said, however, that at the American Universities the evidences of an active religious life among a proportion of the students are very much more upon the surface than is the case at Oxford or Cambridge. So far as "compulsory chapel" is concerned, Yale resembles most Oxford and Cambridge Colleges. The Battell Chapel, situated upon a corner of the Campus, is the church of Yale University. It is a regular church organization of the Congregational denomination, of which the President of the University acts as pastor. The students are expected to attend the prayers held every morning at 8 A.M., and to be present at the service on Sundays.

On the other side of the Campus is the large Dwight Hall, which represents the purely voluntary side of the College religious activity. In the Hall are a large reception room, a reading room, and a library containing a large collection of theological works. Surrounding these are rooms set apart for devotional and other exercises, one for each class, and above them all a large lecture room suited for general meetings and religious lectures. The chief organizations finding a home here are the Young Men's Christian Association

\* See *The Nineteenth Century*, Vol. XXXVIII., pp. 673, 856—869, 987 (Oct. —Dec. 1895).

and the Berkeley Association of Episcopalian students. In Dwight Hall we have a striking monument to the religious activity of at least a proportion of the undergraduates. From this, as a centre, spring the various organizations for special mission work among the poorer districts of the large town of New Haven. Without a fuller, more intimate knowledge of Yale life, it would be impertinent to form an opinion as to the importance and reality of the position taken by Dwight Hall and its offshoots in the college life in general. There is, it is true, a slang, half-opprobrious expression, "Dwight Hall heeler," used by the more frivolous, perhaps, of the undergraduates, and the importance of current slang in the revelation of actual local feeling must not be under-estimated. But the most superficial observer cannot fail to notice that the home of the religious organizations of the undergraduates of Yale themselves, instead of occupying an obscure position in a minor street, takes its place upon the Campus as one of the whole group of the buildings of the University.

The conditions under which the various branches of athletic sports are pursued at Harvard and Yale are very different from those which obtain at Oxford or Cambridge. The very ideal of amateurism set up in the Universities of the two nations differs at the present time to the most significant degree. Indeed, with regard to this point of amateurism it must be said

at once, in all seriousness, that the amateur status of the American Universities as a whole could not in this country be considered as holding good. Almost all the more obscure Universities, all in fact who, not enjoying the same prestige as Harvard or Yale, are in the greater need of advertisement, make a general, if not an open, practice of looking out for brilliant or promising athletes of the various kinds, and of making it worth their while to become formally connected with the University, expecting them at the same time to uphold the athletic renown of their Alma Mater. Of such devices Harvard and Yale are in a sense independent; but however innocent they may be of any sort of system of free education for athletes or even of free training tables, they do meet as equals and rivals a less purely amateur set of athletic representatives than themselves, and are fortunate indeed if they escape all infection from such a widespread system of veiled professionalism.

Within Harvard and Yale themselves the pursuit of athletic sport is taken up in a spirit quite new to an Oxford or Cambridge man—in a spirit to which at first sight there is a temptation to attach the term “unsportsmanlike.” To explain the undoubtedly real differences between the athletic habits of the two countries recourse must again be had to the differences in climate. The greyness of our skies and the dampness of our air have rendered it necessary for Englishmen at all times to indulge in frequent and

active bodily recreation for the continuance of both bodily and mental health, while at the same time the equable nature of our climate has usually permitted an unbroken yearly round of these exercises. In this way the growth of all kinds of athletics at our universities has been perfectly natural and spontaneous ; its organization always simple and unfettering. Athletic rivalry, inter-collegiate and inter-University contests have been indirect and quite secondary developments of this universal and necessary physical activity. Hence arises our idea of "sport" in the abstract—health, strength, and the passion of strife first of all ; the pen-and-paper records of champions, performances, and scores afterwards and least important. To be sportsmanlike, according to our English conceptions, is to have sufficient sense of humour to conceal an anxiety to win by a philosophical indifference to the result, or, in other fields, to regard the pleasures of the chase themselves as more valuable than the number of the slain.

But in the climate of the United States a universal and continual necessity for bodily exercise does not exist. The dry bracing air, however favourable to activity, does not demand it, and the existence in large numbers of well exercised men is not as in England a geographical postulate. More than this, the inequality of the seasons in America renders the indulgence in the various kinds of athletics in a natural form all the year round an impossibility. The severe

winter prohibits the outdoor practice of the sports which properly belong to our climate, and the excellence in them which the Americans have attained is only to be earned by arduous labour under purely artificial conditions. The extraordinary elaboration of training methods in America, which seems to imply to an Englishman an excessive and "unsportsmanlike" desire to conquer a rival rather than a natural indulgence in grateful past-times, is in reality, then, largely the direct result of climatic conditions and of the unhealthy introduction into one country of the games naturally belonging to another.

At Harvard and Yale there cannot be said to exist any general practice of athletics by all the members of the University. If a man be considered worthy of a place in any of the University teams he can have exercise enough and to spare. The common run of men, however, have no share in daily exercise and daily sport, for none exists apart from the practice of the University teams. Every team or crew is under the control of a professional trainer or coach, who stands in the same relation to the men as in England a trainer does to a racehorse. For boat crews there is the galley slavery of the winter rowing tanks, the whole period of actual strict training for the Harvard and Yale boat-race extending over six months. All varieties of indoor exercise are employed by football players and by "track" and "field" athletes, as a preliminary to their real practice and training in the

open months. The track athletes are in training, with slight intermission, for the whole of the college year.

A University team at Cambridge is not formed for the purpose of lowering the pride of Oxford nor of adding to the glory of Cambridge, but because it is a fitting thing that we should measure against similar specimens from Oxford the results of the general and daily physical exercise taken by Cambridge men as a whole. No one can deny that the relations between Oxford and Cambridge in matters of sport are those of the most cordial and friendly rivalry; but it is difficult to believe that between Harvard and Yale matters are on the same footing. Each has its "trophy room," hung with flags and filled with other emblems representing victories wrested from the other; each sends representatives to meet those of the other, trained and exercised for that and no other purpose, to come back covered with glory, or to return defeated—and therefore disgraced.

A most regrettable result of these too eager, business-like methods of pursuing sport is to be found in the recent painful disagreement between the athletic departments of Harvard and Yale. For some imagined newspaper insult all contests for the year between these Universities are cancelled, and at present the postponement of them is *sine die*.

Returning to the American undergraduate himself,

it is noticeable that he has very much the same opinions on the relations of study to athletics as prevail with us. A man of good mental powers is admired perhaps more frankly and universally at Yale than at Cambridge. A man, on the other hand, who neglects the duties he owes to the community and to himself by too rigid a confinement to his own room and to his books is subject to the epithet of "greasy grind," a term which seems to be the precise equivalent for "smug."

It is impossible here to describe in any detail the plan of work laid down in the academic course at Yale. At the beginning of the Junior year the classified list of those students entitled to honours is read out, under the name of the Junior Appointment List. This is arranged in eight groups or classes. The first class contains the "Philosophical Orations," and is followed by two lower classes of "Orations." Next in order come a class of "Dissertations," two classes of "Disputes," and two of "Colloquies." Those in the highest two classes are usually voted into the Phi Beta Kappa Society,—one of the three junior secret societies of the academic department. In the Senior, graduating, class the same classification is made of the students by their position in general scholarship. In certain courses of study special "one-year" or "two-year" honours are bestowed at the close of the Senior year. The position which a man takes upon his graduation does not depend upon his performances in one final examination alone, but upon the

average position he has maintained in class and in successive examinations during his whole career at college.

The ordinary routine of undergraduate life at both Harvard and Yale is interrupted at certain seasons by the invasion of the University precincts by an army of the opposite sex, and by a general indulgence in the more frivolous amusements. Two such opportunities occur during each academic year at Yale. The Junior Class in the early part of January give a "Junior Promenade Concert," which is held in a large Armoury Hall in the town. Round this function, familiarly known as the Junior "Prom.," and which has come to take the form of a large ball, cluster a group of lesser festivities filling up the rest of the so-called "Prom. Week." To those who know May Week at Cambridge it is superfluous to describe the changes wrought in Yale life by the presence of old graduates and of female relatives in the town of New Haven during the week. The Hall in which the Prom. takes place undergoes a transformation as complete as that seen here in the Corn Exchange every June. The University "light ship" is suspended from the roof as a trophy of the now apparently invariable victory of Yale over Harvard in the annual boat-race at New London, on the Thames river.

In the Senior year a very similar series of festivities occurs, but at a different time and under different circumstances. The Senior "Prom." is given in the



Alumni Hall—a fine building upon the Campus used for gatherings of alumni and for University examinations—upon the evening of Class Day, which is the first day of the last week of the academic year. Another incursion of friends and relatives, male and female, occurs accordingly at this time, and the general gaiety prevalent during these days derives additional piquancy from its close association in point of time with the disappointments or triumphs of examinations, and with the approaching academic death of the Senior class. For Class Day marks at once the climax and the conclusion of the college life of all the Senior graduating class. During four years of intimate companionship the men of one “class” are more to one another than men who are merely of the same “year,” and it is on Class Day that this companionship, when on the point of permanent dissolution, finds its most public expression. On the afternoon of this day the Seniors, seated on the Campus in cap and gown (a costume now worn on state occasions by the Seniors), and surrounded by a gathering of their friends and relatives, listen to the reading of their Class History—a humorous account of their doings as a class written by one of its wittiest members. After this the whole class marches in a procession to one of the University buildings, against the wall of which they plant their Class Ivy, commemorative of their time, singing at the same time an Ivy Ode composed by a member of the class.

It is under circumstances such as these that men of Yale say farewell to their college and to their college friends. At an American University the annual departure of a quarter of the students is even a gloomier thing to contemplate than the "going down" of Cambridge men in June. America affords a larger area of dispersal than England, while the ties between classmate and classmate are closer than the relation between an English undergraduate and his contemporaries. For an American student the time of severance of these ties must form the saddest moments of his life, the sadness of which a wise forethought has enabled him to drown in the hurried gaiety of his last days at college.

## OXIDE OF MILTON

[NOVEMBER 14, 1895]

We have received an elegant little book, entitled *Paradigger Regagger, the first Volume of the Okker Fenny Poggins*, and bearing a dedication to "the Steader and the Spookbags of J. Miltogger." The compiler, who calls himself A. C. T. F., gives us a short but convincing critical preface. He informs us that his series is the first attempt of Oxford students to Oxidise the English poets. Hitherto, his beloved dialect has gone through an early oral stage: now it is resolved to communicate it to literature. His explanation of the enchanting *patois* is a *Calais-Doutres* (as Mrs. Malaprop would put it) of ingenious criticism. His authorities are numerous and their testimony is far from obscure. A single instance will suffice. "For the reduplicated 'k' in the anomalous place-name Okker, compare the *Daily Nuggins*, col. 23, p. 2065, Jan. 30th, 1876. *Chug-Tuggins*, Leader i. 21st Nivóse, An. xxvi. *S. Ignagger, passim.*"

We will add a few quotations :

Look once more ere we leave this speggins muggins  
Wugward, much nearer by South-wuggins, behold  
Where on the Aegagger Shugger a city stands  
Built nobly, puggins the uggins, and light the sogger ;  
Agger, the igger of Gregger, mother of arts  
And eloquagger.

Or again, this :

See there the olive groggins of Acadagger,  
Plagger's retigger, where the Attic bird-bags  
Trills her thug-warbled noggins the summer luggins ;  
Lysagger there and paggered Stoggins next.

And what better specimen of this charming provincial  
dialect can we have than this?—

Blind Melesigbags, thence Homuggins called  
Whose poggers Phuggins challenged for his uggins.

We recommend this little book to our readers' attention as a careful and brilliant attempt to give a literary form to a language whose versatile uniformity of expression has perhaps never found an equal. We are glad to see that the next enterprise of these translators will be "The Adonagger, a new translagger from the vulgar original by the Sheller." If it has any of the care and bright limpidity of its predecessor, it will be a credit to its compiler.

## ARISTOTLE ON THE EAST COAST

[JUNE 10, 1896]

The world divides sea-side places into three kinds—East Coast, South Coast and West Coast. There ought to be a North Coast for the sake of symmetry, but there isn't much North Coast, and what there is is cold and boisterous, which ruins its chances, so that it will never have its turn until the Precession of the Equinoxes makes us all Esquimaux—which God forbid! So that we have three kinds, and they indeed are three too many, if we consider their relation to the ideal sea-side place of which Plato speaks. For that rests upon the knees of the gods, and has but a faint image below, for, applying the doctrine of the mean, we shall find that every sea-side place lies at an extremity, and is therefore an extreme, when it should lie in the middle of everything and be a mean—from which we may infer that it should be situate in the Midlands, and therefore that Birmingham is the ideal sea-side place, that is, comes nearest to the ideal, and is a quintessence of Brighton, Scarborough, and Blackpool, not to speak of Margate. This brings us nearer

the Eleatic Hen, which, as Pindar says in his bold last-century manner, "is a shy cock," but that egg has been exploded long ago, and the natural result of our deductions is to prove what a shabby theory the doctrine of ideas becomes in practice, or that there is no ideal sea-side place, which, if we go to Heaven, we shall know some day, but cannot say now. This enquiry should be an inducement to a virtuous life, but does not belong to the present subject, since there are many who live in pursuance of strict virtue without ever going to a sea-side place, and the vicious man can be as vicious at the sea-side as at home ; while, again, there are many who follow virtue at the sea-side without ever going inland—which is very fascinating, but we must keep to the point.

The main head of our discussion is the question, What is the chief end of man? Epicurus said, Pleasure, and the materialists affirmed that it was either his silk hat or his boots, and that it depended on which cost most. However, I have explained in a former book that Happiness is his chief end, to be attained through means which can be easily enumerated after begging the question properly according to the just rules of the game, of which this is the first and only principle. Now, how far is the sea-side place a means to that end? For, if we abandon that ideal paradox, we shall see that a sea-side place is a mean between two extremes, the land and the sea, which are extremes because the land is all land and the sea

is all water, which, as Pindar again says, is best, so that one extreme at any rate is better than the mean, viewed in this light. But Pindar is perhaps a liar, for Pears' Soap lays claim to the same pre-eminence, and physicians and surgeons alike agree in saying that the sea-side is the best, with which I agree, because you can, if you like, combine soap and water anywhere, and with greater advantage on the sea-side than anywhere else, which is the best multiplied by three, like a B B B pipe. So that the sea-side, like charity, is the best of the three, and may be regarded as a mean, if you do not look too closely into the composition of the soil and other matters which are mere phenomena, such as drinking-water and cooking-apples. And the next question is, seeing that all sea-side places are a mean, which is the best mean of all the three kinds? Now, historical investigation tells us that George III. sang hymns at Weymouth, and the First Gentleman in Europe sang ribald songs at the Brighton Pavilion, and that Napoleon admired Torquay, while we know that the Prince of Wales lives near Hunstanton, that the German Empress stayed at Felixstowe, and that Julius Caesar landed at Deal, which isn't exactly the East Coast, but is very like it. Now we can judge royalty according to several methods, by its magnificence, its piety, its length of life, the size of its brain, its drinking capacities, its slothfulness, its artistic taste, its literary power, its State train, or its favourite dish, but we do not see how this can do the question in

hand any good. For all these categories hold good at Windsor as well as at Southend: so that we can judge the relative value of sea-side places in this connexion by totting up all the categories together, and acknowledging that coast to be first whose patrons get the most marks. But this would be unfair, for it would be to localise character and characterise locality at one and the same time, and you might just as well carry coals to Newcastle or ask a Pythagorean to a bean-feast as do anything of that sort.

So, since the standard of royalty fails, let us try that dear old system of begging the question to which I have alluded, for it is much nicer to find one's way out of a maze than to find one's way in, and let us at once declare the East Coast to have the best sea-side place, and therefore to be the best of all. Now, judging from photographs in railway carriages and lithographs on station walls (for my personal experience in this matter is very abstract), everything is in moderation on the East Coast. For every sea-side place there has three parts, a moderate beach, a moderate cliff, and a moderate first-floor, which name we use for want of a better, and all by courtesy. For the beach is no actual beach, but is composed in equal parts of grass and potsherds; nor is the cliff really a cliff, for you can run up and down the most precipitous parts; and you can get to the first-floor without going up hill, if you pursue a path circuitous enough. Which is all moderation with a vengeance, and comes very



near the ideal, whose chief province is to be as unlike reality as possible. But perhaps words are the real cause of the difficulty. And, further, the houses and the church, as a rule, are built of red brick. Now, whether red brick is a means to happiness, is a difficult matter to decide, and we should enquire whether those who build red-brick houses are the phortic and acolast, or the beautiful and good. Which would be impossible to decide, even for a census officer or an itinerant phrenologist, although we might gain some information from their tradesmen. But even then we should only know "the part that is less than the whole," as Eucleides sings, and it is certain that good people have lived in red-brick houses, and the only thing we can determine is that red-brick is inferior to one substance, and that is a judicious combination of gopher-wood and pitch, which is the just and proper material for a house-boat and hardly applies to a sea-side house. So that we are just as far off the end as we were at the beginning, which was a humorous marginal note, but some intelligent scribe copied it into the text.

In the second place, the East Coast borders on the German Ocean, but it does not follow that the German Ocean is a means to happiness, for some find it so and others not so, as, for instance, the sea-sick, whose wails rise to Heaven off Harwich. But the ordinary man who does not fear the sea says that it is very nice indeed, and talks about his sea-legs, which are legs hovering between the ideal and the real. But

he would probably like any other ocean just as well if you asked him, which gives us another slap in the face. In a similar manner the bathing machine is an artificial means to the enjoyment of the Ocean, but whether this is an Uranian or Pandemic happiness we should not like to say; and, after all, you find bathing machines at San Francisco and Cape Town, not to mention Aberystwyth, none of which have got anything to do with the German Ocean and the East Coast. Or, if you like your sea to be cold, you will find the German Ocean singularly bountiful in that particular; but, if not, you had better go to Florida or Penzance, where the sea is hot enough to shave in. And, judging the matter purely in the abstract, we do not know whether hot or cold water produces the greater Happiness, but should say that a mean did the trick, which would be lukewarm, and that the extremes should be left to private judgment in spite of the Pope. The ancient mythologists forgot to tell us whether the sea was warm or cold when it cast up Venus, or we might derive some satisfaction from that valuable piece of jetsam; because the gods may be supposed to have the best of everything, and in that case hot or cold water would be a mean, but between what extremes is another matter, and we must really get on to the next point, and I shall not forget, if I remember, to turn back to this in the tenth volume of this system of ethics, which are really only lecture notes, and have none of the strict coherence of Mr. Herbert Spencer.

It is an important fact that the East Coast faces eastwards, a natural state of things which is highly commendable. The map, of course, with a pig-headed perversity, makes some of it point north, but we mustn't always believe the map, unless it is made in Heaven, which seldom happens, unless Charing Cross is Heaven, and that I decline to believe. And, if our senses tell us, by walking or driving, or other casual locomotion, such as falling over an unexpected precipice, in which case our senses would probably be idealised, or, if the tide were up, would pass into the constitution of a red herring, that some of the East Coast faced northwards, then we must disbelieve our senses and remember that there is such a thing as the phenomenal, of which we must beware, if it shows us contradictions in terms. For the mean cannot lie, and, if the East Coast, as we have said, is a mean, it must face East and therefore what appears to be North must be East. This settles the question. And now let us consider whether an eastward position is a means to the end of Happiness. For, in the Church, some people say that it is essential to happiness, and others deny it, which has caused great strife and bickerings, and would be a great blow to the eastward position, if we knew whose fault the whole thing was. But we don't, and we don't give any opinion, so that this goes for nothing. Again, the East wind blows towards the East Coast, which is a great advantage in many ways,

and especially when no other wind can be got, although this has been disputed by the Aeolists and other meteorologists, and the Pythia at Delphi once said that an East wind was like an arm-chair in a pig-sty, which would imply a certain ἀτοπία, but might mean a lot of other things, which I leave to others, never being good at oracles myself. And I have sometimes thought that the East Coast was valuable, as bringing us a little nearer to the Eastern Question—that is to say, if we came from the west, for it would not benefit us to cross over from Hamburg or the Hook for this purpose. But the man who, from deliberate choice or heresy, should settle on the East Coast, should consider the matter very deeply.

The Eastcoastity of the East Coast, then, depends on these considerations and others which I should like to mention, but cannot waste time over them now. But I should like to say a few words of the Eastcoaster, as very often we may judge a quality by examining a character which seems to exhibit it. But a difficulty arises in the first place, for I have often said before that to trust to the evidence of the senses is bad policy, and I have no evidence other than this of having seen this Oriental. For how often can we say of a man at a sea-side place, to which men come from the ends of the earth for the sake of trade or other purposes, that he was born there or that his parents lived there? To take an analogy. I have often bought tobacco on the East Coast, which generally

comes from Virginia to Bristol or London, where Wills and Lambert and Butler pack it up. And, where tobacco is bought, there must be a vendor to occupy the mean place in the transaction, and how do I know that he has not come with the tobacco from Virginia? And, even if I ask him, I cannot believe him, for I may not trust my ears, which belong to the category of sense, and may lead me therefore into dangerous fallacies. And even if I am so credulous and unphilosophical as to believe him, I cannot go so far as to say that I have seen him, for seeing is usually done with the eyes, and my eyes, for similar reasons, are as untrustworthy as ears, unless I see with the eyes of the soul, which, if well trained, can indeed picture only the ideal East Coaster, for which purpose the person whom my eyes can see or think they see and my ears can hear or think they hear is positively useless. And this case is not limited to tobacconists, but applies equally to clergymen, bankers, jurymen, and the rest. So that to describe the East Coaster is quite impracticable.

We are thus driven to the conclusion that the East Coast may be a mere non-existent phenomenon, and this brings us to the question of being, which is very difficult, and has afforded endless speculation to philosophers, and has given great custom to the dealers in sand-ploughs. And so we are at the root of everything, which is a very natural and proper conclusion to this priceless meditation, which will probably be my last

for some time to come, as far as I can see, for I am going to abandon philosophy, and take to drinking in my old age. And, if anybody wants to know more about the East Coast, there are valuable guide books, and the Great Eastern Railway issues very cheap excursion tickets, which are of the nature of a phenomenon, and do not include cab-fares. But this is not intended as an advertisement, and you will probably find it all word for word, with one important exception, in my treatise on the West and South Coasts. Which will prove very interesting to commentators.

A. H. T.

## HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

[JUNE 10, 1896]

DEAR SIR,—Amid the splendid festivities of the Russian Coronation\* I have noticed one curious *detail*, which to the student of *manners* may perhaps be not the least interesting of its incidents. Since a careless eye, distracted with pomp, is but too likely to pass over it, I ask your permission to set it in *the proper light*. The papers of Friday, June 5, contained a list of the illustrious guests who dined at the Coronation Banquet given by the British Ambassador; Dukes, Grand and otherwise, with Duchesses to match, Princes and Princesses, Baron and Madame, Mr. and Mrs., *couples*, in short, of every noble degree, and among them "Count and Countess Woronzoff, *Countess Strogonoff*, Count and Countess Pahlen," &c., to our great edification and delight. But to those who look *beneath the surface*, that narrative must suggest one question not easily to be dismissed. Why, in this admirably paired assembly, should the *Countess Strogonoff* have appeared alone, and *where*, if not at

\* Tsar Nicolas II. was crowned May 26, 1896.

the table, was the corresponding Count? *Where, Sir, I repeat, was Count Strogonoff?* It is a question to be asked; and happily it is a question that can be answered.

We possess, it will be remembered, an account, exceptionally picturesque and complete, of the Banquet which celebrated the Coronation of our own august Sovereign. It was written (in verse, as it happens) by the (presumably) late Mr. Barney Maguire, and is preserved among the inestimable *records*, somewhat inaptly described as *Legends*, which bear the name of Mr. Thomas *Ingoldsby*. The author is particular about the *position* and *advantages* of the nobleman who on that occasion represented the Russian family with which we are concerned, an ancestor doubtless of the very man, respecting whom the journals of Friday last were so significantly silent. We may rest content; he was not forgotten nor *unprovided for*. But there is a custom in that house, apparently hereditary, and of a very peculiar kind. To the male representative of Strogonoff, the *table*, at these feasts of ceremony, does not offer an adequate security of satisfaction; and he has *the right* to be *elsewhere*. I cite, without necessarily subscribing to *every expression*, the authentic statement of Mr. Maguire, an eye-witness of the feast at Westminster:—

“Then the crames and custard, and the beef and mustard,  
All on the tomb-stones like a poultherer’s shop;  
With lobster and whitebaits, and other swatemates,  
And wine and nagus, and Imperial Pop!



There was cakes and apples in all the chapels,  
 With fine polonies, and rich mellow pears,  
 Och! *The Count von Strogonoff*, sure he got prog  
 enough,  
 The sly ould divil, *undernathe the Stairs*."

Further comment seems superfluous. I cannot but think that there is something singularly *striking* to the imagination, as well as *instructive* to the reason, in this atavistic parallel, this tenacity in the retention of a posture and practice, by which vanity and ostentation are postponed to *substance*. Such a family, we may say truly, is *fitted to endure*.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient,

OBSERVER.



II

VERSE



## OCCASIONS

[NOVEMBER 26, 1884]

The days that in the folded past  
Are beautiful, God made them so ;  
It was no hand of ours that cast  
The tender seed and bade it blow.

That day when soaring hope was crowned—  
Was crowned beyond her best desire,  
The happy spirit searching found  
But ashes where she dreamed of fire.

The hours we plotted long and late  
To cleanse from all unworthy fears,  
And cram with pleasures, weeping sate,  
And would not lift their head for tears.

But thrilling memory still recalls  
How once unwillingly we came  
From dim delights of studious halls  
Half petulant and half in shame ;

And passed through many a village bower  
Of autumn, red with russet blooms,  
Till underneath the sombre tower  
That overhangs the place of tombs,  
We heard high up the hoarse chime tell  
The hour; and dost remember, friend,  
How sober-suited evening fell  
About the woods of Audley End?

## NEAR AND FAR

[MAY 5, 1886]

Dear, when you are far away,  
I can see you all the while,  
Listening with unchanging smile  
To my music as I play,  
Or the tender words I say;  
Land and ocean, mile on mile,  
All the walls that men can pile  
Cannot hide you, night or day.  
Dear, when you are near at hand,  
But a step from door to door  
And I reach your dwelling-place—  
Oh, what viewless barriers stand  
Built between us evermore,  
Till I cannot see your face!

B.

## TO INCEPTING M.A.'s

[MAY 12, 1886]

Let not thy soul towards Syndicates be soaring,  
A place on Boards is scarcely worth the winning;  
For Boards of Studies are more bored than boring,  
And Syndicates more sinned against than sinning.



## ACADEMUS

[JUNE 9, 1886]

Within the grey encircling walls  
The sun leads on another day,  
Where quiet leisure hourly calls  
Her votary from the world away.

Philosophy shall lap us round  
To dream of spheres where all is well,  
Not troubled by the uncertain sound  
Of those that prate of heaven and hell.

Grave history shall ply her arts,  
To show us, from the storied page,  
That Science cannot harden hearts,  
Nor stay the heavenward pilgrimage.

No Muse shall be that shall not lend  
Her soaring impulse to the soul,  
Discern the lover in the friend,  
Or point the falling to the goal:

Staid Clio, queen of human speech,  
    Urania of the starlit eye,  
And the sweet maiden that shall teach  
    The cheek to blush, the heart to sigh.

Neither shall Music be denied,  
    To wing the heart that pants to see  
The shrine of beauty, half descried,  
    Half slighted by the things that be.

The sunlight falls on level lawn,  
    And wooded knoll with kindlier gleam,  
And statelier palaces adorn  
    The reaches of the brimming stream.

The lazy water laps the wall,  
    Skirting the terraced walks, that go  
By storied tower and cool dim hall  
    And gardens where the roses blow.

High frown the gabled roofs, and higher  
    The huddled elms aerial slope ;  
And peering over all, the spire  
    That points a finger up in hope.

These all about me : far below  
    A solemn fountain hourly drips,  
Where bronze-wreathed dolphins plunge and throw  
    Cool water from their green-fringed lips.

And on the lawn with restless feet,  
 And nodding necks of changing shine,  
 Pigeons patrol, when suns are sweet,  
 Westward or eastward, all in line.

And in the dark elms half the day  
 Or white-spired chestnut, light the doves ;  
 Too mild to work, too fond to play,  
 And crooning half-a-hundred loves.

Heaven lies about us ; could we lay  
 Our hands upon it, it were well.  
 But oh ! how slight a failing may  
 Turn paradise to dreary hell.

The sordid spirit, and the brute  
 Impulse, that most, when hearts beat high,  
 Tugs at his chains, with throes that shoot  
 And quiver, bidding the good thought die.

And only when the soul is dull  
 With terror of the looming years,  
 And scorn of self, he deigns to lull  
 The sting that cost us toil and tears.

All these ; and sullen discontent  
 That chides the smiling suns of May  
 For burning, yet can find a vent  
 For humours when the skies are grey.

There are our foes ; and we will live  
 As though we may not wholly slay  
 The cares that prick us on to strive,  
 The fears that prompt us when to pray.

Like men that watch, for some great king,  
 A barren frontier, where the sky  
 Stoops to the distance, vanishing  
 In dimness, and the land is dry.

Sometimes the red sand-pillars stalk  
 Out of the desert, or the wastes,  
 Wan like a level water, baulk  
 The thirsty soul that thither hastes.

Sometimes a thin voice seems to float  
 Out of the stillness, crying faint ;  
 Or the dull seacrow's dismal note  
 Sounds, or the bittern's measured plaint.

So long, they know not if they be  
 Men, or mere phantoms of the night ;  
 Like the pale lights that flicker and flee  
 In marshlands, where the rush blows white.

Only that northward, when the wind  
 Draws from the land that once was theirs,  
 Bells from the city echo, and bind  
 Sweet music on the wandering airs.

And once they saw a sight so sweet  
They scarce could trust their wondering eyes ;  
The snowbound mountains, at whose feet  
Their king's imperial palace lies.

*His word, they said, bade the high tower  
Rock to the music of the bells ;  
His eye, they whispered, hour by hour  
Upon those happy mountains dwells.*

## BALLADE OF REVIEWERS

[OCTOBER 27, 1886]

Your *Essayes* cladde in brave Attyre  
 Your *Playes* and *Novelles* I did reade,  
 And ponder wel, and eke admyre,  
 And sought to Prayse in verie Dede :  
 Remember mee in my sore neede,  
 I humbly pray on bended knee,  
 And swete Seyncte *Katharine* be your speede—  
 When that ye schal reviewen mee !

Knowe wel I didde my levelle *Beste*,  
 A kyndlie *Critique* for to coke,—  
 Now of alle *Soules* unhappiest  
 I wayte ye dredde *Reviewer's* stroke :  
 Seyncte *Hierom* in ye Desart loke  
 And recompense, yf juste ye bee,—  
 Bee kynde unto my lytel *Boke*  
 When that ye schal reviewen mee !

Hee that showed *Mercie*—soe they say—  
 Toe felow *Menne*, schal *Mercie* fynde;  
 Bee not more Pitylesse, I praye,  
 Than *Salvages* and *Menne* of *Ind*:  
 Fayre *Clerkes* at *Cantebrigge* that grynde,  
 For sake of swete Seyncte *Charitie*,  
 Untoe my lytel *Boke* be kynde,  
 When that ye schal reviewen mee!

# ENVOI.

*I pray you now, wyth earneste Mynde,*  
*Good pefle alle, whoe'er ye bee,*  
*Untoe my lytel Boke be kynde,*  
*When that ye schal reviewen mee!*

J. D. B.

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 And recompense, yf juste ye bee,—  
 Bee kynde unto my lytel *Boke*  
 When that ye schal reviewen mee !



ON A "BOHN"

[JUNE 6, 1889]

Euripides, when I behold  
Your work with Buckley's mated,  
I pity Enoch, who of old  
Died not, but was translated.

## BILL ASPLEN\*

[MAY 29, 1890]

So many years the old familiar name  
A by-word stood for zeal and loyalty,  
And there was none so jealous for our fame,  
So stout in loss, so glad in victory.

And it is fitting that they laid him near  
His native river's well-belovèd shores,  
That, with the slanting sun, he still should hear  
The waters rippling and the splash of oars.

\* University Boatman for thirty years ; died May 22, 1890.  
He is buried in Chesterton churchyard.

## DEFLETUR MORS PALINURI

[JUNE 5, 1890]

Nominis umbra jaces, multos bene note per annos;  
Fide comes fidis, ter, Palinure, vale.  
Fortis in adversis, idem victoribus ipsis  
Laetior, heu famae quam studiosus eras!  
Nonne decebat apud natales fluminis oras  
Remigis impavidi condere reliquias?  
Forsitan huc olim, Phœbo vergente, feratur  
Remorum pulsu vox trepidantis aquae.

## A ROUNDEL

*(Purely a fancy sketch)*

[MAY 7, 1891]

Provost of Kings ! who art admittedly  
The very roof and crown of earthly things :  
Serene, exalted, as some spreading tree,  
Provost of King's !

We work : the painter paints, the poet sings,  
The sculptor sculps, the student studies : we  
Are eaten up with vain imaginings :

But thou existest, passionless and free,  
A hoary cherub with upfolded wings,  
Profound, immeasurable, like the sea,  
Provost of King's.

J. K. S.

## IN MEMORIAM J. K. S.

[FEBRUARY 11, 1892]

Hardly half a year gone by,  
*Past the end of June*  
*Wandered here two friends and I,*  
*While a large half-moon*  
*Mounted in a sober sky:*

Now, when scarce afresh we see  
Flowers upon the earth,  
Two are mourners of the three;  
Blasted ere their birth  
Are the flowers that were to be.

But for others be the praise  
Of the matchless tongue,  
While for me one memory stays  
Cherished most among  
My remembered garden-days.

Feb. 5.

W. H.

## THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

[MARCH 9, 1893]

In the great court of Trinity I waited,  
And watched the fountain play,  
And mused upon that land the Spaniard sighted  
On Easter Day.

Deep in that Land of Flowers there springs a fountain—  
De Leon sought it long—  
Whose living waters keep the tribes beside it  
For ever young.

'Twas Ponce de Leon, the Spanish leader,  
Sought that enchanted ground;  
Far inland with his savage guides he wandered—  
But never found.

Beside the English fountain as I waited,  
And watched the passing throng,  
The generations past rose up before me  
And all were young.

E. E. D.

# SAILS

[MAY 4, 1893]

Swift white sails by two and by three  
 Between mid-heaven and blithe mid-sea,  
 Like lily flowers in a bed of blue  
 When the song of Summer well begins ;—  
 Frail sere ghosts afar, anigh,  
 Between mid-winter and still mid-sky,  
 Like lily flowers with the sun seen through  
 When Spring is weary and Summer wins.

And past all sense of the yellowing land  
 The waves take hold of the broad noon's hand,  
 (Grey and red and white o' the ships,  
 Full of rose where the dawn hath been):  
 Summer wins and the weary Spring  
 Hath never a heart for wayfaring,  
 But whoso loveth the Summer's lips  
 Findeth only a song between.

Whence come hither the sweet sails, brought  
 In a mist of light as a dream is wrought,  
     (Bloom o' the sun on the iron main,  
     Burning blossom and water-wold)?  
 Out of the land of love, perhaps,  
 With never a sound but the bright brief lapse?  
     Of wings of doves with a Cyprian stain,  
     Tenderest red and memorial gold.

They are bound for the land of death, perchance,  
 Where grey Time reels in a sleepy dance,  
     Girt with poppies about his head,  
     And flower of the lotus-fields, may be:—  
 Ah, no, no; for they drive but down  
 To the warm red roofs and the dull grey town,  
     Driven not thus to the land of the dead;  
     Only sails on a sighing sea.

A. J. B.



## CALEDONIA POSTGRADUATA

[NOVEMBER 1, 1894]

“Oh maun ye gang awa’, Jamie?  
 Oh maun ye gang awa’,  
 Wi’ oatmeal sack upon your back,  
 And your spare clean kilt an’ a’, Jamie?  
 Ye’ll no come back awa’.”

“To Cambridge maun I gang, Jeanie,  
 To Cambridge maun I gang:  
 And soon, ye’ll see, your lad shall be  
 As great as Andrew Lang, Jeanie:  
 Hech! but the lot I’se bang!”

“But O! what will ye dee, Jamie?  
 But O! what will ye dee?  
 The Cambridge loons gie nae wooden spoons  
 To siccan folk as thee, Jamie,  
 Wha scarce ken A B C.”

“Nae wooden spoons for me, Jeanie;  
Nae wooden spoons for me!  
When I ha’ wrote a puir wee note  
About ae kind o’ flea, Jeanie,  
I’se win a braw degree.”

“Gin that be a’ ye’ll dee, Jamie,  
Gin that be a’ ye’ll dee,  
Ye’ll find, I’ll speir, thae beasties here;  
Then bide and learn wi’ me, Jamie,  
By the bonnie braes o’ Dee.”

“I carena for the fleas, Jeanie,  
I carena for the fleas.  
It’s no the lore I’m anxious for,  
But it’s yon braw degrees, Jeanie:  
They’se fetch a wheen bawbees.”

R. H. F.

## THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY

[JUNE 6, 1895]

When the rim of the moon is flecked with sorrow,  
 When the creamy cow has finished her jump,  
 When the spoon is burnished to serve to-morrow,  
 And the sexton has levelled the last long lump,  
 When the sun shines copper in brilliant blue,  
 And the Sassenach simmers in Timbuctoo  
 With a sweat that none may assuage or borrow,  
 I think of your lips, and my heart goes thump !

Of you and your lips, and I long to sever  
 The chains that trammel, the bonds that bind,  
 The links that are linked in one for ever,  
 That man may not see, nor search, nor find ;  
 For the Gods have rest, and the Nymphs<sup>h</sup> have peace,  
 The Sibyl is soothed of her sentences,  
 And man has striven in vain endeavour ;  
 He lives his life and is dumbly blind.

Oh ! Love that lurked in the rude recesses,  
 That sat with Satyrs and fawned on Fauns,  
 And clasped the Maenad in long caresses,  
 Leaping o'er leaves and liting on lawns,  
 Oh ! Love of the days that are gone and past,  
 The days that were first in the days that are last,  
 Give me your lips and your torch-red tresses,  
 For the nights are black, and blacker the dawns.

There lived a beggar in Bath of old,  
 A dolorous do-nothing dolt, pardy !  
 He begged in the sun-sick streets for gold,  
 If you gave him silver, his tongue ran free.  
 But the people pitied and did not pay,  
 So he packed his portmanteau for Paraguay,  
 And died in those parts a brigand bold—  
 You were nothing to him—you are all to me.

I have written vicious and violent verses  
 Till my brain is black and my soul is sick,  
 I have screamed and scattered the choicest curses,  
 The lays of a love-lorn lunatic.  
 I have prayed for peace, I have stirred the stars,  
 I have broken bushels of brazen bars  
 And killed my keepers, and knocked my nurses  
 Till their backs ran blood and the blood ran thick.

Where the poisoned grass and the damp dark shade is,  
 Where the toad twists on with a fevered sigh,

I sit me down, and the lords and ladies  
With mutters and murmurs pass me by.  
And I wonder if life would be twice as sweet  
If I clung to your lips and kissed your feet  
And sang you some psalm of Tate and Brady's,  
Of you and me, were we you and I.

(*Telegrams: Putney, S. W.*)

A. H. T.

## HYMNS OF ST. PANCRAS

[JUNE 10, 1896]

Qui suam amat patriam,  
 Collaudet et Victoriam;  
 Ad stationis ostia  
 Emergit maris hostia.

Te, diva Crux Charingia  
 Laudo—te, semper aemula,\*  
 Holborni foede viadux,  
 Quem despicit Regalis Crux.

Eustoniam quoque cano;  
 Sanctissimo Pancratio  
 Sit data laus ab omnibus  
 In illis regionibus.

\* There is some difficulty in the gender here. Prof. Well-tiefer (of Neuenbrunn) says that it is quite in keeping with the style of Venantius Fortunatus and Adam of St. Victor, the masculine vocative following the feminine attribute being a scholarly and agreeable *παρὰ προσδοκίαν*.

Neve oblitus sit Cannoni  
 Vicus, neu Liverpudlii ;  
 Nam illa parte saepe sunt  
 Qui Newmarketum appetunt.

Sed quum domum meam peto  
 Cum psaltriis et cantico,  
 Magistro dico carrucae,  
 "Ne desis Paddingtoniae."

Sit decus Waterlovio.  
 Ponti Metropolitico  
 Ab omnibus sint omnia  
 In seculorum secula !

A. H. T.

## BALLADE

[JUNE 11, 1896]

À PROPOS DE MONSEIGNEUR LE PRINCE  
DE MONACO.

Sur ung tresénorme rocher  
S'assied mon unique chateau.  
L'on peut tous lez jours y pescher  
Des fénestrailles sans bateau.  
Jamais n'est trepsor autant beau,  
Ni Versailles, bijou du Roy,  
Ni la belle Fontainebleau  
Que ce palais qui est à moy.

Je rends justice à l'estranger,  
Vestu de mon pourpre manteau.  
S'il a l'argent, je dis rester—  
Telle pesche est à mon hameau.  
Je chante, gay comme l'oiseau,  
Mes courtisans sifflent. Ma foy !  
La terre n'a rien mieux ni l'eau  
Que ce palais qui est à moy.



Le gros brave Francois premier,  
 Le grand Doge avec son anneau  
 Qui veult à la mer s'épouser ;  
 Charlemagne dont le tombeau  
 Se trouve aux estroits Roncesvaux,  
 Tous ont palais, chascun pour soy,  
 Aucun n'est si bon, si nouveau  
 Que ce palais qui est à moy.

## L'ENVOY.

Prince je suys. Ni grand fardeau  
 Mon royaume ne scayt ni loy.  
 Quel bienheureux petit bureau  
 Que ce palais qui est à moy !

A. H. T.

La Ballade escript ci-dessus s'est modelé sur les chansons de  
 feu Maistre François Villon.

## BALLADE OF DEGREES

[JUNE 11, 1896]

'Twas Woman, scarce a Sabbath old,  
In Paradise confusion made,  
'Twas Woman, beautiful and bold,  
Arm'd Hellas to revenge a raid.  
No tyro of the martial trade,  
Resolv'd to tame this *horrid* town,  
She trumpets forth a new crusade  
For silken hood and sable gown.

From cycle-loving Girton's fold,  
Camillas, emulous in aid,  
This way and that, prophetic soul'd,  
Dividing the swift skirt, parade.  
Now shame befall thee, renegade,  
Who durst not pledge in cocoa brown  
A victory, far too long delay'd,  
For silken hood and sable gown!

Good girls, what is't you seek? To scold  
A scholar's midnight escapade,  
Dandle the pious Mace, or mould  
The Senate, or the Church invade?  
Don't let your fairest laurels fade—  
The social unassuming crown—  
Your nature and your sex degrade  
For silken hood and sable gown.

## ENVOI.

Her judges, Phryne, artful jade,  
By dint of reason bore not down,  
And me might one fond smile persuade  
For silken hood and sable gown.

LYNDORE.

## HERRICK ON THE TRUMPINGTON ROAD

[DECEMBER, 3, 1896]

Whenas on wheels my Julia goes,  
Then, then (methinks) how sweetly shows  
That piston-action of her toes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see  
That brave vibration each way free,  
O how that waggling taketh me!

'P.

## ΚΥΩΝ ΟΡΘΟΔΟΞΟΣ

[FEBRUARY 18, 1897]

Professor Ryle, perhaps you'll smile  
 At what I shall repeat here—  
 An instance of a brain docile  
 In the despised dumb creature.  
 On Friday, when you came and taught  
 Our young and dim theology  
 The Hist'ry of the Jews (a sort  
 Of Christian embryology),  
 A dog was there, ('twas very odd)  
 Resolved to come and try a  
 Discourse upon the period  
 That starts from Nehemiah.  
 He'd heard that crowds your words devour'd  
 And he too wished to hear 'em;  
 Perhaps he'd doubts on Jonah's gourd  
 And wanted you to clear 'em.  
 Alas! his hopes were vain: his doom  
 Was sealed at once; the downward

Extended thumb said, "Leave the room!"

And sad he wandered townward.

But how renowned your name must be,

(And may it ne'er be less, Sir!)

When dogs forsake their rats to see

The Hulsean Professor.

The very animals attest

Your genius: for the dog—see?

Felt sure you were the one to best

Confirm his orthodoxy.

*Κυνηγός.*

## NIGHT

*(After Alcman)*

[OCTOBER 21, 1897]

Sleep the mountain-peaks and caverns,  
Glen and promontory sleep;  
Sleep the dark earth's children,  
Leaves and things that creep:  
Bees and wild hill-creatures,  
Sea-beasts in the purple deep,  
Birds, their drooping feathers folded,  
Sleep.

F. M. C.





III  
CAMBRIDGE



## OUR OLD TREES

[OCTOBER 26, 1881]

The destruction of so many patriarchal trees by the gale of the 14th October\* naturally suggests an inquiry into their probable age. To do so effectually, however, we must first briefly investigate the history of the college grounds and gardens on the west bank of the river Cam.

There is a legend that the course of the river was once very different from what it is at present. How this legend arose I have not been able to discover; but I believe that there is no foundation in fact for it. There was once an island, called "Garret Hostel Green," where Trinity College Library, and the ground in front of it, now are; but the eastern boundary of this was a stream of little importance, which gradually dried up. It left the river at Garret Hostel Bridge, and fell into it again opposite to the north end of the Library. There were also streams which bounded the old avenue of King's College on the north and south; and perhaps one or two others of minor

\* By this storm thirty trees were blown down in the Backs, including 'the two sisters' at St. John's.

importance; but, with these exceptions, "Camus reverend sire" and his tributaries have trudged along the same road from the very earliest times to the present day.

In the fifteenth century the land along the west bank was an unenclosed common belonging to the town of Cambridge. It was called generally The West Field. Part of Trinity College "quarters" was called Long Green; and the Wilderness of St. John's College was in 'Cambridge Carmefield.' This ground gradually became the property of the Colleges opposite to it. Queens' College purchased their gardens in 1475 for 40 marks; in 1447 Henry the Sixth gave to King's College the ground, afterwards called Butt Close, extending from the ditch which ran then, as now, along the south border of the College as far as Garret Hostel Lane, a distance of 810 feet; Trinity College obtained their "quarters" from the Town in 1611 in exchange for the open ground called from a former tenant "Parker's Piece"; and St. John's College purchased their Wilderness partly from the Town, partly from Corpus Christi College, in 1610—11. The meadow between this ground and the river had belonged to the Hospital which preceded the College, and the date of its acquisition by the brethren is unknown. It should be added that Clare Hall obtained the ground now occupied by their Avenue and Fellows' Garden from King's College in 1637, after a most amusing controversy with their

powerful neighbour, into which we have not space to enter at present.

Some time elapsed before any of these grounds were laid out for recreation. Queens' College had a walled kitchen-garden from the earliest times, of nearly, if not quite, the same extent as at present. Beyond this there was a grove along the river-bank, planted in 1630—34, when the purchase of 72 ash-trees, and of 28 elm-trees, is recorded in the Bursar's Accounts. Some of these elms are probably those still standing, and two were blown down in the late gale. The purchase of 40 lime-trees, recorded in 1732, probably marks the planting of the row still standing along the river-bank; but the gravel-walk was not made till 1749, between which year and 1752 the walks were re-arranged. The walk called "Erasmus' Walk," which runs westward across the Common from the north end of Queens' College Walks, was planted in December 1684. The name was given to it for the sake of perpetuating the connection of the great scholar with the College. There is every reason for believing that the trees now standing are those then planted; and they afford valuable evidence of the size that can be attained by a tree nearly two hundred years old.

The grounds of King's College were arranged as at present in 1818, when the existing bridge was built. Up to that time the river had been crossed by a bridge nearly in the centre of what is now the

great lawn between the Fellows' Building and the river; and a high causeway, planted with trees, crossed the ground west of the river. This avenue is shewn in Loggan's print, taken in 1688; but there is no evidence to shew when it was first planted. When the bridge was rebuilt in its present position, at the suggestion, and partly through the munificence, of Mr. Simeon, the avenue was broken into clumps, one of which still remains.

I have not as yet succeeded in discovering when the elms on the open ground behind King's College, Clare Hall, and Trinity College, which is the property of King's College, were planted. To judge by their size only, they are of nearly the same age as those in Erasmus' Walk; and it appears probable that the formation of that avenue was part of a general scheme for planting the ground between the Colleges and the public road.

In Trinity College the bridge appears to have been always in the same position; and the walks were laid out even before the actual acquisition of the ground, as above related, but we do not know how they were arranged. The avenue of limes between the bridge and the "field-gate,"—which, it may be remarked, is the stone gateway built by Dr. Nevile, now used as the entrance to the College from Trinity Lane—was planted in 1674—5; and the portion between the College and the bridge in February 1717. The rows of limes along the south and west border

of the walks were planted at the same time. The present bridge is one of the numerous works of "the ingenious Mr. Essex," built between 1763 and 1765.

At St. John's College the Bowling Green was planted with elm and sycamore in 1625; and the 'New Walks,' by which those in the older College ground east of the Wilderness are evidently meant, were laid out and planted in 1630, 1631, and subsequent years. In 1629—30 "86 trees, and 600 setts" were bought. In 1684 "ten young Elmes to set in y<sup>e</sup> High walks" were bought from the gardener of King's College; a purchase which affords evidence that King's College was engaged in planting at that time. It is possible that the trees were left over when the planting behind the College had been completed. Loggan's print of St. John's College, taken about 1688, shews two or three old trees near the river, and some others near the Tennis court, which then stood on the west side of the Cam just north of the bridge; but all the other trees appear to be of no great age. It is possible therefore that the two largest trees blown down, those namely which grew at the south-west corner of the walks, may have been planted in 1630, and were therefore 250 years old. They measured 10 feet in girth near the ground, and were at least 120 feet high. They were measured with a tape as they lay, and, as the topmost branches were much broken, this measurement probably does not

give their true height, which as they grew would probably be fully 130 feet.

The elms in front of Catharine Hall are comparatively young. The houses which intervened between the College and the street were not pulled down till the beginning of 1757, in which year the Ramsden Building, which forms the south side of the court, was begun. On its completion the iron railing was put up, and the ground laid out as we see it now. It is manifest, therefore, that the trees could not have been planted before that time.

The mulberry-tree in the Fellows' Garden of Christ's College, which tradition has associated with Milton, is probably not more closely connected with him than the walk near Queens' College with Erasmus. The College Accounts record the purchase of 300 mulberry-plants in 1608—9, in obedience to the Proclamation issued by King James the First in 1608, recommending the general cultivation of that tree in England, with the view of effecting the acclimatization of the silk-worm; and this ancient tree is probably one of those.

JOHN WILLIS CLARK.



## UNDERGRADUATE LIFE AT CAMBRIDGE IN 1794—1800

[MARCH 1, 1882]

In a *Life of the Rev. Samuel Settle* by the Rev. Thomas Hervey, M.A., Rector of Colmer, Hants, printed last year for private circulation, only forty-two copies having been issued, there is one chapter, that bearing the heading of "At College," which contains so much interesting information as regards life at Cambridge at the end of the last century, that we hope the liberty we take in noticing an unpublished volume will be excused.

Taking the book we have just referred to as our guide, we will cursorily touch upon the first few pages before paying special attention to those which relate to Samuel Settle's college life.

Briefly then, the Rev. Samuel was born in 1771 in the parish of Batley, and in 1794 he, "leaving the noise of the mill (Hallam Mill, where in his youth he held some situation) for the calm of study," was entered at Magdalene College, he having been recom-

mended by the Rev. John Graham, of Barwick in Elmet, to the consideration of the Elland Society, "an association for educating young men of sound and unaffected Christian piety for the ministry." The official entry of his admission in the college register is as follows :—

"Mar. 24, 1794. Samuel Settle filius Josephi de Barwick prope Leeds in comitatu Eboracensi, e scholâ publicâ de Hull in eodem comitatu, 23<sup>m</sup> annum agens, admissus est Sizator."

Tutoribus magistris    { Gul. Farish.  
   { Rdo. Buck.

This was the eminent Farish who was Senior Wrangler at the early age of nineteen, and held successively the Professorships of Chemistry and Natural Experimental Philosophy. He is still remembered as Vicar of St. Giles's parish.

In his first term Settle was elected to a Scholarship :—

"Nov. 19, 1794. Ego Samuel Settle, electus et admissus fui discipulus hujus Collegii pro Domino Doctore Duport."

The above is an extract from the College Register written in Settle's own hand.

One of Settle's greatest friends was a certain William Dawson, the son of a colliery agent, who in early life "looked no higher than the plough," but in after years was "like a blazing sun, but with a comet-like course." With Dawson Settle was frequently in the habit of corresponding, and such serious and

thoughtful compositions were his letters, that we find in one of them the following request, which to him appears but reasonable "on account of the various changes in human affairs :"—"I beg it as a favour of you," he writes, "that my letters in your possession may be packed up and directed for me." The editor in noticing this "very singular request" remarks "that letters then were not the few hurried words, with which a cheap postage has made us familiar." In support of which statement we will quote another sentence from the same letter :—"I have a letter by me, which I should have sent from Hull, but I thought it was *not worth the postage*." As a proof of the earnest spirit and fervency in which these two friends conversed we quote from Dawson's own diary the following entry :—

"June, 1796. Friend Settle spoke on Matt. v. 13—16, melted while meditating."

Settle was very anxious that Dawson should be sent to Cambridge by the Elland Society, but the latter's ignorance of Latin seems to have been the chief obstacle to this end. In order that this may be removed we find the undergraduate giving his friend this caution :—"Take care of long and short syllables, for they are very much regarded in Latin." And again he writes, "A little grammar can do you no harm, nay, I daresay that dominus, domini, &c., will be of great advantage." However, Settle himself at times seems to have felt that his years at Cambridge

were wasted in pursuit of the wrong subjects; he writes in 1797 nearly at the end of his academical career :—

“Lately, I have been much engaged in the Schools; and I am surprised that wise men will regard such nonsense. But the fact is, I am tired of Cambridge studies, and I am persuaded I shall always consider my time spent in Mathematics the least beneficial of any employed in the whole course of my life. Had I been engaged in searching the Scriptures, in composing sermons, and in reading the history of mankind, I should then have possessed some useful knowledge on going forth into the world; instead of that, I shall have spent three or four years in grammar, and three or four more in again forgetting it. Such is my tale.”

The phrase “in the Schools” sounds strange to our ears in connection with Cambridge and reminds us more of the sister University.

We now come to that part of the book which has the greatest interest for us. Mr. Hervey gives us some six pages of extracts from a diary kept by his father, Romaine Hervey, while he was at college, which are just enough to rouse our curiosity and tantalize us. We only hope that Mr. Hervey will see his way to giving us the whole before long, as, judging from these extracts, such a work would be of a most interesting nature. The diary was written in shorthand according to a system invented by the writer's father, and published in a work called *The Writer's Time Redeemed*. Romaine Hervey was a year junior to Settle, but, as we shall see, the two were extremely intimate.

Early in the extracts quoted we find one that vividly recalls a scene we witnessed last term:—

“6 Nov. [1795]. Last night a great wind, trees blown up in the college walks in great numbers.”

Next to the above we notice:—

“9. At night, attend the lecture with the other freshmen, in Farish’s rooms, on College discipline.”

This in our day is no longer continued at Magdalene—we refer to the lecture, be it understood, not college discipline.

“14 Jan. [1796]. This and the two following afternoons played at Battledore and Shuttlecock in the hall.”

That the “Battledore and Shuttlecock” were occasionally varied with “foils” and “draughts” we find from:—

“3 April [1797]. Played at foils with Solly, Batley, Settle, and Gilmore.”

And again:—

“12. Long walk with Cottle and Settle on the St. Neot’s road *in our hats*, returned by Madingley, played at draughts with Cottle and Burnett, then walked to Parker’s Piece, where the volunteers were exercising; smoking party at Gilmore’s.”

The words, “in our hats,” strike us at first sight as unnecessary, but in those days it was the custom at all times to walk out in cap and gown, but the Rev. Thomas Hervey adds “old customs were even then dying out.” Not only has this old custom quite died out, but the converse seems to be the case, and

“walked out in cap and gown” would indeed be an event to be recorded in the diary of one of the present generation at Magdalene.

“2 March [1796]. Went to Milton with Foster and Settle. This is the *first* time I walked out in my Hat since I came to college. [Oct. 1795].”

This entry clearly shews how seldom the hat took the place of the cap. But again on the 28th Dec., 1797, we find that Hervey and Settle, instead of going to chapel, walked out “in their hats,” and again on the 15th April of the same year was he guilty of this unusual proceeding. That Gilmore, at whose rooms the smoking party was held, was able on a future occasion to render Hervey a helping hand we learn from :—

“8 Feb. [1798]. Went down the river in Funnies with Solly, Gilmore, and Fawcett, shooting ; I fell into a lock at Chesterton ; Gilmore and Fawcett pulled me out, dined in Fawcett’s rooms.”

This same Gilmore on the 19th of the previous month gave a “splendid” supper to the bachelors ; whether they on this occasion made “a most horrid noise” is not related, as we are informed was the case after another convivial gathering.

On the 6th of April [1796] Hervey informs us that he

“Went with Flavel to Newmarket to breakfast, got back by 12 o’clock ; we set out before 5.”

This seems an extraordinary display of energy,

but we find a second visit to Newmarket recorded a little lower down :—

“16 Jan. [1797]. Trip to Newmarket with Batley and Settle, *lunched in the Churchyard*, dined at the Ram; got back to Chapel.”

The Flavel alluded to was one of the Elland Society men, with whom we learn that Hervey had tea and supper on Jan. 21st, that being the first time he was out after gates were shut!

“29 Nov. Sent a Round-Robin to the Fellows’ table with two college rolls and two town rolls, that college rolls might be enlarged.”

From this it can be gathered that the colleges were their own bakers in those days, and Mr. J. W. Clark is of opinion that this was actually the case.

“10 Dec. Got Settle to cut five inches off my tail.”

By ‘tail’ of course we are to understand pigtail! compare with this :—

“3 Jan. [1797]. Cut Foster’s hair and made him a crop.”

Amateur hair-cutting seems to have been a favourite amusement.

“21 Feb. Went with Cottle to Madingley, where wrote some verses on the Maudlin men.”

Mr. Hervey gives us a sample of these “verses.”

“Sad, sedate and melancholy  
Moves the form of Mr. Solly.”

The name of Solly is of frequent occurrence in these extracts. He was two years junior to Settle.

Of Richard Horsman Solly, Mr. Hervey tell us the following story. In those days no academical dress was complete without bands. The undergraduates, however, set themselves strongly against them, and Solly himself had been remonstrated with for not wearing them, accordingly:—

“The next day he attached to his cravat two handkerchiefs, which came down to his waist, and thus attired went to hall. Mr. Farish, as he passed up the hall, glanced round at the men and saw, as he thought, Solly with a white waist-coat but no bands; So he said ‘Mr. Solly, you have no bands.’ Solly with a composure which seems to have been natural to him, replied, ‘Yes Sir, I have,’ at the same time taking the ends of the handkerchiefs with the tips of his fingers, and holding them up. The Tutor’s gravity was quite upset, and he retreated with his hand before his face.”

“13 Nov. Elegant supper with Batley, which came from London. After supper went up to Hogg and left my door open; Batley and Settle came to row me by making a most horrid noise which alarmed Farish, who came up and found them in my bed-room by the help of a piece of lighted paper; he then sought me out in Hogg’s rooms; Batley and Settle were in dreadful funk.”

The “elegant supper” seemed to have been a little too much for Messrs. Batley and Settle. We also notice that in these days a door was a door, not an oak.

“23 Jan. [1798]. Went with Fawcett to Fisher’s where we bought cloth to make a jacket for Gilmore, who with Fawcett took to make it as a Midshipman’s.”



With reference to this episode Settle forty years afterwards wrote to the editor:—

“Fawcett, your father, and one Gilmore, were close companions ; they jointly bought and made a suit of blue sailor’s clothes, to shew what they could do at the snip snap trade—all for fun.”

The writer of the diary further informs us that :—

“14 March. He saw Settle keep a first opponency.”

Nothing similar to this exists now-a-days except in the Medical Schools. Formerly the keeping of acts and opponencies was part of the regular method of obtaining a degree.

“16 Dec. [1797]. Kept an act in hall ; put up Coates on the cycloid, and Paley on drunkenness ; Cottle was my first and Scott my second opponent.”

Strangers were admitted to these “wrangling disputations,” in which there was needed the judgment of a “moderator” to keep the opponents within the prescribed bounds. There is a story told that a certain coach instituted a code of symbols with his pupils and that by buttoning or unbuttoning his coat and throwing it well back he telegraphed to his pupil in distress the answer he should give. The phrase “optime disputasti” gives us the key to the meaning of the Senior and Junior Optimes. Whether the institution of the wooden spoon is of as early a date as the time of which we are speaking, and how it originated, would both be interesting questions, now that the Old Tripos has given way to the New. If it existed in 1799 Hervey had a good try for it, as we

find but two names below his in the list of Junior Optimes, who were that year but five in number.

“11 Dec. [1797]. A famous row in hall. . . . The president had the impudence to ask who attended Simeon’s Church.”

The president in the year 1797 was Mr. Kerrick. In a life of Dean Milner, brother of Rev. Joseph Milner of Hull, whose pupil Settle was and with whom he read in the long vacation of 1794, we find this passage in one of Dean’s letters :—

“This place has obtained more evangelical means since I was here last. There is now Simeon ; and it is to be regretted that his congregation is not so large as were to be wished.”

We are told by the editor that Mr. Simeon used to invite undergraduates to his room for “religious readings,” while the undergraduates had among themselves “Greek Testament” and “Latin Talking” evenings. We are really quite pleased to find that these sober men were occasionally capable of making “a horrid noise.”

“28. The new master read prayers in chapel this morning, signed books.”

The new master was Dr. Gretton who in 1797 succeeded Dr. Peckard ; that the appointment did not meet with the approval of Settle and Hervey seems probable from the fact that they did not attend, but walked out and that too in their hats.

“11 Jan. [1798]. Saw chimney on fire in Petty Cury: wine and tea with Grant; tried to persuade Burnett not to take an *οἱ πολλοί* degree.

The familiar name Petty Cury is, we believe, a corruption of the French *la petite écurie*. Which of the two Grants this is we cannot tell. The degrees and future careers of these two brothers were most remarkable. In 1801, the third and fourth wranglers were Robert and Charles Grant, while Charles was first Chancellor's medallist and Robert was second in the same examination—splendid performances. In after life, Robert became the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Grant, Governor of Bombay; his brother, Lord Glenelg, Secretary of State for the Colonies.

This Burnett was most probably the son of a clergyman, the rector of Elland, the place from which the society to which Settle owed so much, took its name. That Burnett had to put up with a ‘poll’ degree we learn from a letter from Settle to Dawson:—

“Mr. B—r—tt, whom I have often named to you, has in consequence (of ‘unfairness and unjust conduct shewn to Magdalene College’) taken no honour.”

What ground there was for this serious charge does not appear: had this been prior to 1790 there would have been nothing so surprising in the statement, as high wranglers before that year frequently got their places through being favoured by men of their own colleges. That the Evangelical party was extremely unpopular is certain, but it does not seem probable

that any unfairness would have been shewn towards Magdalene on account of theological opinions.

It is, however, curious that Burnett and Settle were to have been among the three or four first, whereas the latter was only 14th Senior Optime and the former "took no honour." Well might Settle in his disappointment write "a Maudlin man stands but a chance in the Senate House." There are still some men at Magdalene who stand but a chance in the Senate House.

It was at this period that Magdalene men were known as the "tea-drinkers." The name continued to stick to them for some time; we find it in Mr. Everett's well known book on Cambridge. In fact Magdalene was then distinguished as a theological College. This statement may surprise our readers, but still the interesting fact remains that "in the first twenty-three years of its foundation, viz., 1781—1803, the Norrisian Prize was taken fifteen times by men educated at Magdalene."

The last extract from the diary is:—

"28 Feb. [1798]. Went with Settle and Foster to the Rose, whence they started off to London to be ordained."

Although the inn no longer exists, the name still survives in "Rose Crescent."

In a letter which Settle writes to Dawson soon after he is ordained, we read :

"Have you heard any talk about Mr. Foster, the new curate at St. Paul's, Leeds? Does he please, displease, or neither?"

This is evidently the Foster with whom he went down, and for whom Romaine Hervey made "a crop."

A few lines, however, on the subsequent career of the Rev. Samuel Settle may not be out of place. He took his B.A. degree in 1798; he was much disappointed with his place, for instead of being a high Wrangler as he expected he was but 14th Senior Optime. After ordination he went immediately to his curacy, that of North and South Clifton near Newark, for which he received about £40 a year. In 1801 he becomes M.A., and 15 years after leaves Nottinghamshire for Wiltshire and becomes vicar of Winterborne Stoke. In 1817 the parish of Berwick was added to the above, his income now being £250. In Wiltshire he continued till his death, March 12, 1847. He was a man of most unbounded liberality when we consider how small were his means. Mr. Hervey tells us that he always had his clothes made too large for him, as the man to whom he gave his old clothes was a bigger man than himself. His life was one of the utmost simplicity and frugality, and that he might devote as much as possible to charity, he allowed himself but 10/- a week for his house-keeping expenses. As an instance of his liberality we will but mention the fact that in 1821 he gave to the Elland Society £260,—more than his income for one year. Finally, we can but repeat the wish we expressed above, that Mr. Hervey will favour us with more of his father's diary from which he has given us

but a few extracts that extend from Oct. 1795 to Jan. 28, 1798, on which day Settle who was a year senior to Hervey went down. There remains, therefore, another year at least during which many interesting events must have been duly chronicled.

H. A. NEWTON.

## UGLY CAMBRIDGE

[JUNE 6, 1883]

The poet Gray was not merely a poet. Perhaps this is fortunate for his fame, as we do not set much store on his poetry now-a-days, and are less inclined than Boswell was to quarrel with Johnson's judgment concerning it. Besides the sonorous Ode and Elegy—*Musas elegosque sonantes*—out of the quiet rooms in Peterhouse or Pembroke there came many letters on many subjects, letters which have been preserved to us, and which, in the opinion of good judges, rank with those of Cowper as the best compositions of the kind in our language. It is a sentence in one of these letters which shall serve us as text for the briefest and least dogmatic of sermons. Writing to a friend whom he supposes to be living in gayer and more stirring scenes, Gray begs him not to forget the "quiet ugliness of Cambridge."

Gray died in Pembroke more than a hundred years ago. Recollections of him still linger about the two colleges in which his life was spent. In the window of Peterhouse may still be seen the iron bar

which was intended by the timid poet to assist his descent by a rope ladder in case of fire, and which was the innocent cause of his seeking another college, where he hoped to find practical jokes in less favour. But no one now living, none even of the Nestors and Priams who tottered up to vote at the last election, has ever looked upon the same Cambridge which Gray saw. Is it, then, really true that Cambridge was ugly a hundred years ago? It so happened that I read Gray's words on one of the loveliest mornings of this lovely spring, and I felt that I for one could never allow that Cambridge is ugly; where shall we look for beauty if we cannot find it here?

Let us stand for a little on King's Bridge: a perfect sky above, the river at our feet, and on either side the grass still fresh and green with the spring showers. Far away to the right sweeps the great lawn of King's, running into a point close under the west window of the chapel; nor is there a better view of that great building in all Cambridge. "Nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn," says Bacon. And the Fellows of King's seem to be of his opinion: at this moment the daisies are falling thick beneath their ruthless machine that goes whirring busily along the lawn. At a little distance a pair of starlings are jerking themselves over the grass, whistling with indignation at the mowers for disturbing them and at the worms for showing some reluctance to quit their holes among the roots; just as if it were



not the *raison d'être* of a worm to be pulled out of the ground, probably in several pieces, then to make a rapid journey through the air, and finally to be popped down the clamorous throats of the four hungry half-feathered nestlings who are huddling together in the nest on the ivy-covered walls of Clare.

Quite different from the green of the grass is that of the trees : that tender, delicate green of the leaves still crumpled by their close packing in the bud, so unlike any other green, so soon darkened and soiled by the dust and scorching sun of summer. Away to the left, the road leading to Newnham is chequered with the dancing shadows of the green arch overhead, which partly hides and partly shows the dark boles of the limes. Further off, between Clare and the river, towering above the lilacs, rises a great chestnut-tree, looking twice as large as in winter, covered with countless spikes of pink-white blossom rising in endless circles one above another out of a mass of the same green foliage. And the river—shall any good thing be said of Cam? It is not an ideal river, certainly : it is undeniably narrow, sluggish, and even dingy. It has its full share of the national defects—lack of largeness and lucidity. But Styx or Acheron itself, set in such a frame, could not be unlovely. Winding along these emerald slopes, spanned by these delicate stone bridges, reflecting the ivy-grown walls or the dainty tassels of the willows, the river adds ten-fold to the beauty of the scene.

On the other side of the river the grass has leave to grow as tall as the cattle will let it, and just now the cattle are gathered under the trees doing their best to repulse the flies with flicking ears and swinging tails. Nearer the bank is—a photographer. There is no doubt about him ; there he stands, *operatus in herbis*, an operator on the grass. Not a picturesque object, certainly, the photographer, with his short black pipe, mahogany tripod and mysterious veil. But we shall not quarrel with him for all that. In that wonderful black-hooded box there are pictures which cannot indeed represent the colours, scents and sounds of the May morning, but may serve as a setting to which these more ethereal adjuncts may be supplied by the inner eye of those who once have seen them, and also may suggest to many some idea of a beauty they have never seen.

No, whatever Cambridge may have been a hundred years ago, it is not ugly now. Perhaps its attractions were of too tame a kind to suit Gray's rather grand tastes. We have no "rocks or nodding groves," and the "roar" of the Cam is not audible at any distance ; it must have taken lessons in the art from Bottom. Perhaps, after all, Gray was writing at some other season than the present, when the clouds were brooding over the earth, when the yellow-black leaves were whirling in the autumn winds, and the trees mere ghosts of their summer selves—

"Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang."

But surely the poet, above all others, should be able to see even in the gaunt naked boles and withered grass-blades the promise of nature's certain and glorious resurrection, when with the lengthening days the leaves shall again burst and swell and the grass grow once more for the pleasure as well as for the service of men.

J. D. D.

## CAMBRIDGE ARCHÆOLOGY\*

[MAY 6, 1885]

Within an easy walk of Cambridge there are many objects of great archæological interest ; some of them have still the charm of mystery as nothing certain is known of the people or the time to which they belong.

One of these is the great bank that runs for about four and a half miles from the end of Wort's Causeway on the top of the Gogmagogs in a south-westerly direction, past Worsted Lodge, to a point south of Gunner's Hall.

It is now used as a road which is carried on some three and a half miles further until all traces of it are lost on the hill side called "The Middle of the World," north of Bartlow. It looks like an old drove or drift-way, that is the line along which cattle were driven to

\* 'The so-called Roman Road on the Gogmagogs': Being the substance of a paper read before the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, May 26, 1884.

the centres of population from the more remote agricultural districts.

In Wales there were such tracks with rights of road-side pasture commonly used until quite recently. One of these, I remember, ran along the high ground of Epynt, in Carmarthenshire. The turf gets broken, especially when carts begin to use the road; the rain washes the earth out of the ruts and the roadway gets lowered. An old track becomes a rain course very quickly. Then travellers wander off the road on to the smooth turf, and so it is quite a common thing to see road after road curving further out along a hill side in mountain districts; and without any design old tracks become perpetuated—but the results of these natural operations are easily distinguished from the road-makers' work.

Now if we trace the so-called Roman road from "The Middle of the World" towards Cambridge, we notice the track curving down the hill east of the Bartlow road, as people tried to get out of the ruts on to the smooth turf. West of the Bartlow road we see that the earth has accumulated on the upper side of the track against the hedge; but this is obviously due to the action of the rain and plough, which has also removed it on the lower side of the track. The bank thus formed is very small as compared for instance with those seen further on along the Hildersham balks, and shows that this part of the ground cannot have been so long under cultivation. There

is no bank like that on the top of the Gogmagogs anywhere along this part of the track.

There is an artificial bank thrown across the dry valley at the south end of Balsham Wood, but across the miry boulder clay north of Borley Wood the road is not raised. From where it crosses the Balsham road to the top of the next hill the road is a mere flattened track along the side of the slope; the earth being turned down from the road on the lower side and thrown against the hedge on the upper side by the plough, while the road itself has been cut down by the rain whenever the turf has been broken. The extent to which this wearing down of the road goes on may be estimated in the clunch pit west of Balsham road crossing, for the rain water has been turned into this pit along a deep ditch and the material carried down has formed a large delta at the point where the ditch enters the pit and has also spread all over the bottom.

The ground on the south of the so-called Roman Road is still so far unenclosed that the only divisions seen are the ancient raines or town lands belonging to the commune of Hildersham.

Immediately beyond the Balsham-Hildersham road a dry valley is banked across, but the bank ceases at the rise of the hill and we see only what is common in any ordinary occupation road until we arrive opposite Gunner's Hall, where we suddenly come upon the commencement of the great *dyke*. There seems to

be a kind of finish-off given to it at the south-east end by a turn to the north, but it has evidently been so much modified by nature and art that we cannot feel sure whether a small feature like that may not be due to recent operations.

From this point to the brow of the hill overlooking Coldham Common a well-marked bank runs continuously. It has evidently long been used as a road; the top has been flattened out and the ditch is often almost or quite filled up. Where the fosse still exists it is always on the north side. There is often a small ditch along the fence on the south side, but this is only a recent thing connected with the farming operations.

The depth from the top of the bank to the bottom of the ditch near Gunner's Hall is now about eight feet; but it must have crumbled down from bank to hollow as is commonly seen in transverse sections across similar earthworks elsewhere, and it is difficult to estimate the original height. Immediately beyond the east end of Wort's Causeway the height from the bottom of the fosse to the top of the agger is now about 7 feet; the breadth of the bank as it stands being 51 feet and that of the ditch 36 feet.

Now what is the evidence that this bank was made as a Roman Road?

It is supposed to be in the line of the *Via Devana*, but if it were produced to the north-west it would miss the Huntingdon road by half a mile.

Though in some part of its course it runs in the direction of Colchester, yet if we follow the road which seems to be in continuation of it towards Haverhill, we shall find that it points more nearly to Ipswich than to Colchester. That however does not go for much. If we admit that kind of argument we shall get some curious results from an examination of the dykes further north, for it happens that their general trend is also towards Colchester.

The bank seems to be curved back to the south-west, as if it were intended to be finished off on the steep slope near the south-east end of Wort's Causeway. If it were carried on in a straight line it would take us over the steep slope near the Cherry Hinton Chalk Pits and across the marshy ground between that and Cambridge. So that we should have to believe that the Romans planned a nearly straight road as far as the top of the hill by Wort's Causeway and had to bend it when close to their destination in order to avoid a marsh, whereas they could have taken it a very little further to the south-west by a shorter cut, over good ground all the way.

And supposing they did find themselves on the margin of the swampy ground of Coldham Common, a bank half a mile long, similar to that which they are supposed to have thrown up along the dry summit of the Chalk Hills, where it was quite unnecessary, would have carried them across the bit of marsh land west of Cherry Hinton.



So we have seen that there is a bank across some dry gravel valleys near Hildersham, but not a trace of a raised road over the sticky clay of Borley Wood between them. And that is a district where it is extremely improbable that it can have been destroyed in the progress of agricultural operations. That does not look like the work of Roman engineers. There are no Roman camps along it—Wandlebury is certainly not Roman.

Supposing it were shown to be doubtful whether any of the earthworks on the Castle Hill were Roman, and even an open question whether there was any fortified station at all at Cambridge in Roman times, there would, it seems to me, be no evidence whatever for the existence of a Roman road at the end of Wort's Causeway.

If then it is extremely improbable that the Romans threw up this bank as part of their road, what can it be? A glance at the map suggests at once that it belongs to the great series of earthworks running parallel to one another from the Fens on the north-west into what must have been the thick Woodlands on the south-east. First we have the Devil's Ditch running from the marshes near Burwell across the chalk hills of Newmarket to Wood Ditton (or Ditch Town in the Wood). Next the Fleam Dyke or Balsham Ditch crosses the open downs between Fulbourn and Balsham, supported by the short dyke between Fen Ditton (or Ditch Town in the Fens) and Quy

Water. Then a little further south, parallel to these two well-known dykes, crossing the corresponding belt of chalk downs from the fenlands to the woodlands, and extending no further, we find another exactly similar dyke, along the top of which a drift way has been taken in comparatively recent times, and this is the bank which has been generally considered to have been thrown up by the Romans to form part of the *Via Devana*.

Fourthly, still further south, between Abington and Pampisford, another short dyke, approximately parallel to those above described, crosses the open ground which lay between the river valley and the continuation of the woodlands of Saffron Walden to the north. I do not propose now to consider the age or object of these dykes, nor discuss the questions arising out of the position of the fosse relative to the agger. My point is that the raised bank and ditch along the top of the Gogmagogs which has commonly been supposed to have been thrown up by the Romans as part of their *Via Devana* is nothing more than one of the dykes. If it can be proved that it was pre-Roman and that the Romans carried their road along the top of it, well and good, or that the Romans made it as a line of defence analogous to the earthworks assigned to them in North Britain. Nothing has been discovered to set these two hypotheses aside. When the railway cutting near Swaffham was taken through the Devil's Ditch no Roman remains were

found under it, though pits with Roman pottery occurred close up to it, but a fragment of an amphora was found below the surface in the upper part of the bank.

The same explanation may be offered here as was given in the case of Offa's Dyke when Roman remains were found in the bank, namely, that they were thrown up with the earth when the dyke was made in Saxon times, as remains of any age might be found in a railway embankment of our day.

With the data before us we cannot refer the dykes with any strong probability to pre-Roman or to Roman or to Saxon times, but I think it may have cleared the way for future investigations if I have succeeded in showing that the great bank and ditch on the Gogmagogs is one of these dykes and not a Roman Road, and by calling attention to the subject I hope I may add to the pleasure of many a walk and ride, and perhaps induce some to look for further evidence bearing upon this interesting question.

THOS MCKENNY HUGHES.

# THE EXPANSION OF THE UNION

## I

[MAY 27, 1885]

The room in which the Union Society commenced its life in 1815 can hardly have been particularly commodious, for Lord Houghton describes it as "little better than a commercial room." It was situated over a stable at the back of the Red Lion Inn, in Petty Cury. But this apartment could not long contain the growing bulk of the Society, and accordingly we find that several migrations took place:—First to the rooms now occupied by the A.D.C.; then to the old Reform Club in Green Street; and finally in 1866 to the present red-brick mansion beside the Round Church.

The Union was a heroic infant. It had many serpents to strangle before it could reach a mature age. The great monster which first assailed its rosy slumbers was that academical narrowness which marks off the race of dons which has just departed from those enlightened beings who govern our destinies at

the present day. It appears that a muddled heap of prejudices against undergraduates interesting themselves in politics and against discussions generally, as likely to interfere with work, beset the minds of Vice-Chancellors and their myrmidons. Bare permission to debate was not too readily granted, and it was hampered by a restriction which confined the discussions to political questions anterior to the century. "But," says Mr. Trevelyan,\* "it required less ingenuity than the leaders of the Union had at their command to hit upon a method of dealing with the present under the guise of the past. Motions were framed that reflected upon the existing Government under cover of a censure on the cabinets of a previous generation. Resolutions which called upon the meeting to declare that the boon of Catholic Emancipation should have been granted in the year 1795, or that our commercial policy previous to 1800 should have been founded on a basis of Free Trade, were clearly susceptible of great latitude of treatment. And, again, in its character of Reading Club, the Society when assembled for the conduct of private business, was at liberty to review the political creed of the journals of the day in order to decide which of them it should take in and which it should discontinue. The *Examiner* newspaper was the flag of many a hard-fought battle; the *Morning Chronicle* was voted

\* Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay, Vol. I, p. 81.

in and out of the rooms half-a-dozen times in a twelvemonth ; while a series of impassioned speeches on the burning question of Greek Independence were occasioned by a proposition of Malden's, 'that ἡ Ἑλληνικὴ σάλπιγξ do lay upon the table.' "

At this time the most powerful figure at the Union debates was Charles Austin,\* of Jesus, whose mind was filled with the principles of Bentham's philosophy, and on whose lips the defence and praise of Radical institutions were always ready. Praed has a description of him in debate :—

"Then up gets the glory of us and our story,  
Who does all by Logic and Rule,  
Who can tell the true difference 'twixt two-pence  
and three-pence,  
And prove Adam Smith quite a fool."

Praed has also described many others of that little band of heroes who fought with and against the great Austin in those days when stable fumes inspired the words of eloquence and fire. Whewell and Macaulay, Moultrie and Malden, with Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, were all of them figures filling the hearts of autumnal freshmen with awe and pride. The description of Macaulay in Praed's squib is perhaps the best known. The debate may waver to this side or to the other—

"But the favourite comes with his trumpets and drums,  
And his arms and his metaphors crossed"—

\* Afterwards the great parliamentary Counsel.

and victory forthwith inclines to the side which he favours. At a slightly later date we have Praed himself, with Lytton, Cockburn, Villiers, and Charles Buller all taking an eager part in the battle of the Red Lion parlour, which is thus described by the same poet whose words we have already quoted:—

“The Union Club of rhetorical fame  
 Was held at the Red Lion Inn ;  
 And there never was lion so perfectly tame,  
 Or who made such a musical din.  
 ’Tis pleasant to snore at a quarter before,  
 When the chairman does nothing in state,  
 But ’tis heaven, ’tis heaven to waken at seven,  
 And pray for a noisy debate !”

It is thought by many persons that this was the Golden Age of the Union—a Golden Age which has never again returned. We should be very sorry to admit such a sentiment. No doubt, of course, can be held that those years in which Austin, Macaulay, and Praed were the foremost knights mark an era of a brilliancy far beyond the ordinary. For a decade or two we should not expect to see such bright lightning flashes again. But for all that, although with absolute certainty we can never judge, it may be believed that since then there have been periods which may not unjustly be compared with it. But then the fruit of these subsequent years has not yet mellowed. When the heroes of the Union have become heroes in a wider field there will no-doubt be a searching of dusty records and cobwebbed memories to prove the glory

which attended the first efforts of their eloquence. Meanwhile we need not altogether despair of achieving the height of that time which Praed has sung of.

Gradually the political restrictions of debate seem to have been removed or tacitly ignored, and undergraduates came to face the problems of the day in no antique drapery. In James Payn's *Literary Recollections*, we have some pleasant paragraphs which assure us of the disuse of these troublesome checks, for "the debates," he writes, "were almost always upon political subjects, and I remember having had the hardihood on one occasion to place upon the notice board a proposition for the sweeping away of the hereditary aristocracy of our native land, which created no little sensation. There was an immense audience; but those who came to laugh remained, I fear, to carry out their intention, since the motion had but eight supporters." It is somewhat difficult to understand such excitement at the present time, when the demolition of hereditary legislators and the nationalisation of their belongings crop up in the motion book with a regularity almost as dreary as the proposals for the censure of Her Majesty's Ministers and schemes to ameliorate the lot of deceased wives' sisters.

There are some interesting records in the shape of suggestion books, giving us scraps of a certain kind of information regarding the end of the 'fifties and beginning of the 'sixties. At that time the present Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster was



the most prominent Union figure, nor were his performances marked with that sedate wisdom which is popularly supposed to attend the early manhood of a future politician. In these very dirty and tattered old suggestion books there are lyrical scraps of no very sober character which have been attributed to that distinguished pen. Whether this has been done rightly or wrongly it is dangerous perhaps to determine; but as there are other snatches and catches in a libellous strain where 'Trevelyan' is dragged in to rhyme with 'rebellion,' we may conclude, not unwarrantably, that the author of *Horace at Athens* may have made some reply. Here is an ode in celebration of some, no doubt, stormy private business campaign, which has now become a dwelling place for spiders:—

"Muse of the moderns, sing how the rebellion,  
Known by the name of the Great Servile War,  
Raidishly led by the funny Trevelyan,  
Died with a monster vote stuck in its 'Jaw.'"

In the same volume we find many similar outbursts of a generally rather feeble metrical consistency. Many of them have little or nothing to do with the Union, or are written in a sentimentally comic strain upon what we may call domestic rather than polemical incidents. Mrs. Hewitt was an old lady to whom belonged the cleansing and dusting of the rooms, and she, poor soul, seems in a weak moment to have yielded to the fierce inroads of the barbarous godless

of fashion. She donned a crinoline. Such an alteration was not to escape notice amid the critics of the Union. Accordingly, requests are made to her, lyrical and otherwise, to remove the obnoxious garment, if so it may be called. These proving of no avail, there appear suggestions for private business meeting motions to accomplish this end. What happened ultimately—whether Mrs. Hewitt yielded to a censorious public, or remained ignobly the slave of a tyrannous fashion—will probably never be known to posterity. Here, however, is another allusion to the same lady in a less invidious capacity. The time is intended, doubtless, to be the opening bud of term time :—

“There has fallen a splendid tear  
 From the Senior Clerk at the gate :  
 ‘They are coming, I hear ! I hear !—  
 They are coming, the men I hate.’  
 Mrs. Hewitt cries, ‘They are near ! they are near !’  
 The Messenger curses his fate ;  
 The young Clerk whispers, ‘I fear ! I fear  
 For my annual forty-and-eight !”

There is also among other things a touching ballad called ‘The Last Pot,’ which contains a temperance moral greatly in advance of its time. Our space forbids that we give more than the opening and the closing stanzas, which are as follows :—

“The tippler stood with a full quart jug,  
 That smiled with most rare October,  
 And you saw by a glance at his jovial ‘mug’  
 That he seldom or never was sober.”

The reader may imagine the burden of succeeding stanzas, which would lead up to this melancholy consummation :—

“And there in the drenching storm he lay,  
Till the peelers sent to borrow  
A stretcher, and growled as they bore him away,  
‘He’ll be sober enough to-morrow.’”

One more suggestion we may allude to here, as it serves to show a great modern reform in earliest embryo. In a gawky hand, quite unprophetic of future greatness, the Vice-President’s attention is directed to the want of a gallery, into which ladies might be admitted on debate nights, and a request is added, “that this be reserved *solely* for the use of the lady friends of honourable members.” Witness the scorching blast of ridicule which bursts upon this ingenuous youth ! He is attacked on all sides. The terse boating man it doubtless is who annotates with a brief “Oh ! you idiot !” Others ask, “Where ?” “How is this practicable ?” or indignantly assert “Impossible !” Another scoffer points out that the suggestion would entail upon the Society “the expense of a dozen more servants, for the ladies would all have to be carried out fainting from the heat.” But this is what clinched it with cynical sledge-hammer, “What ! to hear those wretched debates of ours ! We fancy ladies, after *one* night’s hearing, would not again honour the gallery with their presence. One debate would satisfy their curiosity for ever.” So

finding not a solitary friend, the young orator abandoned his suggestion with a sigh, and the glory of erecting the ladies' gallery was reserved for a future generation.

## II

[JUNE 3, 1885]

About 1866 we have another little knot of interesting personages, amongst whom Sir Charles Dilke, of Trinity Hall, was the foremost figure. To him is chiefly due the migration from dingy Green Street to the picturesqueness of the present site. In recognition of his services he was elected a second time to the Presidency, an honour which seems never to have been awarded to any one who was merely an orator. As it is at the present time, so undergraduate opinion seems then also to have been overwhelmingly Conservative. Sir Charles Dilke, whose views at that period were of a sturdy though sedate and almost Whiggish character, is reported to have said that he never voted in a majority except once, "and then I was in the wrong." Lord Edmond Fitzmaurice, whom we consider now-a-days almost as a type of the sober and conventional Whig, seems at the date of his Presidency to have held political opinions of a most incendiary character. There is an interesting little

allusion to the Union in a famous skit\* entitled *The Fall of Prince Florestan of Monaco*, which purports to be written by himself. Rumour, however, asserts that the royal subject of this history never had a more real existence than the famous Mrs. Harris, and persists in attributing the authorship to a person of Cabinet eminence whose name will appear in the following quotation. Prince Florestan went to Eton, and thence to Cambridge, where he endeavoured to saturate his despotic mind in wholesome republican principles. "I had heard at the Union Mr. Seeley defend the Commune, and oppose a motion declaring it innocent because it did not go on to express the 'love and affection' with which that body was regarded by the University. I had supported a young fellow of Trinity when he showed that the surplus funds of the Union Society should be applied to the erection of statues of Mazzini in all the small villages of the West of England. A motion which, I believe, was carried, but neutralized by the fact that the Union Society possessed no surplus funds. . . . I had, by the way, almost forgotten the most amusing of all the Union episodes of my time, which was the rising of Mr. Ashton Dilke, of Trinity Hall, Sir Charles Dilke's brother—but a man of more real talent than his brother, although, if possible, a still more lugubrious speaker—to move that his brother's portrait, together with that of Lord Edmond Fitz-

\* Published 1874.

maurice, the Communist brother of a marquis and a congenial spirit, should be suspended in the Committee room, to watch over the deliberations of that body, because, forsooth, they had happened to be president and vice-president of the Society at a moment when the new buildings were begun out of the subscriptions of such very different politicians as the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Powis. Mr. Dilke and his Radicals were sometimes in a majority and sometimes in a minority at the Union, and the portraits of the republican lord and baronet went up on the wall or down under the table accordingly—Mr. Willimott, the valued custodian of the rooms, carrying out the orders of both sides with absolute impartiality.”

It was some years after the presidency of Sir Charles Dilke that a memorable campaign commenced concerning the great question whether the Union Society should be open or closed on Sundays. For several years the controversy raged with such fury that old members, settled in London, have been known to come up to Cambridge for the purpose of voting in favour of one side or the other. We have had much difficulty in discovering the various phases through which the contest passed, our difficulty lying not in the scarcity of traditions, but in their amazing heterogeneity. Indeed, had we any pretensions to the proud position of a painstaking historian, our narrative would come to an abrupt conclusion at this

point; to be continued, perhaps, at this time two or three years hence, when the multitude of rumours might possibly have been sifted. As we do not, however, aspire to any such invidious eminence, we take a cynical delight in the contradictory assertions of trustworthy authorities. It is agreed that the Union used in the first instance to be open on Sundays. Then, says one report, the Dons became afflicted all of a sudden at the secularising tendencies of novels and newspapers perused in shameless publicity. Accordingly, forces were set at work to move the better feelings of the Union to an act of self-denial in the interests of religion. The attempt seemed likely to succeed, when some astute member pointed out that since the authorities were so eager for this reform the Union had better model itself upon the example of these authorities. "He understood," he said, "that there was an institution in Cambridge\* containing a library, and frequented by Dons of unimpeachable piety. Now, were the premises of this Society closed upon the Sabbath Day? They were, and they were not. In plainer language, one half of the door was shut and one half of the blinds were drawn; while M.A.'s and the light of the sun were admitted through just half the number of apertures which were open to them upon week days." So the Union Society agreed to make a similar compromise between its conscience and its convenience.

\* Possibly the Philosophical Society?

But another report says that the Union premises were actually closed for a time, and that, though motions were carried from term to term for opening them, the required three-fourths majority could never be obtained. At length a sacrilegious Standing Committee, grubbing among ancient minute books, discovered that the original motion which closed the rooms on Sundays was only carried by a bare majority, and not by a three-fourths. With an eager and too-zealous joy they fastened upon the illegality, and gave orders to the clerks to have the rooms opened as usual upon the Seventh Day. This was done. To their horror they discovered too late that, though in the first case the motion for closing had been carried only by a bare majority, it was afterwards ratified on several occasions by the necessary three-fourths. So these profane men had to stand their trial at the bar of the House; but as a majority of that impartial assembly were themselves steeped to the lips in profanity, they agreed mercifully to condone the arbitrary action of their officers.

But there is still another report of the method by which the consummation of religious liberty was achieved. Majorities, though large, had never been large enough to override the former decision for Sunday closing. There was danger of civil war and intestine strife; when, at a certain private business meeting, a member of the society solemnly rose, and, in tones which trembled with indignation against an



unjust violation of the constitution, drew the attention of the President to the following fact:—"By such and such a chapter in the Rules, sub-section number so-and-so, he found that the rooms of the society were to be open *daily* from a certain hour in the morning to a certain hour in the evening. Now, he had come down between the stated hours to the Society's buildings a few days before—in fact, on the previous Sunday—and to his surprise he discovered that the doors were closed, and that there was no sign of life in the premises. He went away for an hour or two, but returning later he saw the same state of things. And he wanted to know by whose authority such a breach of the laws was permitted." The President, rising with equal solemnity, replied, "That he was much shocked and surprised to hear of the experience of the honourable member who had just sat down. He would certainly inquire into the matter, and he would also take care that such a violation of the rules should never occur again." Thus, finally, by wiles and stratagems of an infinite subtlety the secularising tendencies came to exist once more in full force.

So the turbid current of the Union life flowed on without any important deviation from its course; without receiving any vast and sudden addition to its volume. But--if we may pursue our watery metaphor—little tributaries had been flowing in steadily as the years went by. The premises were manifestly growing too small for the comfortable accommodation of

all the members. Accordingly, about the year 1881, at the instigation of Mr. Harold Cox, of Jesus, the purchase of the "George" estate was satisfactorily accomplished. Then extensive schemes were periodically mooted; but, unfortunately, such plans as were submitted always failed to please the wanton and capricious fancy of the terrible, but necessary, three-fourths majority. But at length, in the autumn of 1883, an enterprising Vice-President—Mr. Jebb, of Trinity—submitted to his constituents drawings which he had himself constructed. These, after great struggles, in which a certain "autocratic circular" played an important part, were finally accepted by the Society. They were subsequently, of course, committed to the professional care of Mr. Waterhouse, who rendered practicable the bold schemes of the amateur; and in a short time scaffolding and dust testified to the fact that building operations had actually commenced. On the fourth of June, 1884, the foundation stone was laid with much state and pomp—Mrs. Ferrers, the wife of the Vice-Chancellor, performing "the conventionalities of the occasion." A metal box, which Mr. Tanner explained contained a copy of the Union Rules, a list of the officers and committee for the present term, a copy of the *Cambridge Review*, some coins of modern mintage, copies of the Cambridge newspapers belonging to both political parties, and, he believed, a Roman bone was laid in a prepared recess.

Lord Houghton, who was one of the speakers upon this august occasion, gave some very kindly and appropriate words of encouragement. The debates, as far as he could conjecture, were carried on very much in the old way—"on the old party lines, and he did not know that they could do better—as long as they abstained from false representations and ridiculous exaggerations, as long as they did not believe, on the one hand, that Mr. Gladstone was a compound of the most heterogeneous evil qualities—of dense stupidity and Machiavellian subtlety; and, on the other hand, did not represent men like Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote as men entirely ignorant of politics, and totally averse to the material and intellectual well-being of the British people."

So amid many benedictions the Cambridge Union Society stretched its ruddy gables westward—towering high above the relic of bold Knights Templar, and glancing down upon it with that benevolent mixture of pity and reverence which we might expect from the proud child of a later time who should contemplate some quaintly dressed contemporary of his great-great-grandfather.

There has been little of the trumpet blast in the foregoing pages of small talk. Our real ambition, though we concealed it modestly at the beginning, was to act the part of one of those snowy bards of Cymric origin who strike the harp to heroic tones, and, lifting blind eyes to heaven, tell of the great

deeds of the departed. Our muse, alas, has chosen to grovel. She has grubbed in musty cupboards, and discussed secret passages of scandalous memory, while the armour stands silent and neglected. But, after all, the gleaming war-gear tells its own tale clearly enough, and does not need a historian. When we gaze upon those portraits which adorn the Union walls, our imagination is fired instinctively to fill in vivid pictures of contests at the Red Lion and in gloomy Green Street, and we believe that the imaginations of other people are truer guides than any words of ours.

# A COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF 200 YEARS AGO

## I

[FEBRUARY 24, 1886]

In an old book of manuscript, which was written by one John Hall, of Kipping, at Thornton-in-Craven, nearly 200 years ago, I have come upon a few pages of a sprightlier and more personal character than the rest. This in itself says little, for most of the book is given up to sermons, sermons by Puritan ministers who had suffered for conscience-sake at "Bartletide," 1662, and whose names have many of them been enshrined in the pages of that John Foxe of the cause, Edmund Calamy. Worthy men no doubt they were, who then witnessed a good confession; but their sermons are hardly inviting food in this dyspeptic age, and he would be a bold man who would dare to administer them in the most innocent guise to a modern public.

But though theologies may change colour with the years, human nature is not very deeply altered,

and I have hopes that a few stories which were repeated in college chambers' and in country parsonages in the seventeenth century may still have power to raise a quiet smile by their quaint and serious wit.

The stories are headed "Some hystoricall passages out of Mr. W.'s papers." Mr. W. was Mr. Thomas Woodcock, who had himself been ejected from the Church of St. Andrew Undershaft in London.\* He put the stories together as he heard them, and Mr. Hall copied them afterwards in a beautiful minute hand, of which every letter is still legible, into one of his many volumes of sermons.

I will begin with one or two stories which throw a light on Cambridge life under the Stuarts. And first, as in private duty bound, I give one of Mr. Woodcock himself in the character of Proctor. It

\* Palmer, in the *Nonconformists' Memorial*, gives this account of him: "Mr. Thomas Woodcock, of Kath. Hall, Camb. Born of a genteel family in Rutlandshire. He was a smart disputant and had the universal character of a learned man. He became Fellow of Jesus College and Proctor of the University, which office he managed with great applause, both as to exercises and prudent government. In this college he gave education to more Fellow-commoners than all Jesus College Fellows besides, and rendered it a great and flourishing society. He set up a lecture at Alhallows (*i.e.*, All Saints') Church in Cambridge, where he constantly preached *gratis* (!) at 4 o'clock on the Lord's-day afternoon, and it was well attended both by scholars and townspeople. After his ejection, he and Dr. Tuckney lived together in the country; but, for the sake of his sons, he afterwards went to Leyden. When he returned to England, he settled at Hackney, and first preached in his own house, and afterwards with Dr. Bates, but always *gratis*, having a good estate. He died in 1695."

will be seen that both Proctor and Undergraduate of the seventeenth century had characteristics which distinguish them from their representatives of to-day.

The story is headed, "Of Mr. Woodcock," and is this: "He was much given to prayers, and observed God's answer to y<sup>m</sup>; when he entered upon y<sup>e</sup> Proctor's office, he prayed with David, 'Turn from me reproach and shame'; and y<sup>e</sup> Lord answered him. In y<sup>e</sup> collidg he had a strange imagination y<sup>t</sup> there were a company of Rakehells in one Corbet's chamber; he got into his chamber by y<sup>e</sup> bed-maker's key; Corbet had drawn his sword, and said he would run him through y<sup>t</sup> came in; yet Mr. Woodcock entered; sent y<sup>e</sup> rest to their chambers, and after a little talk Mr. W. bad him take the sword by y<sup>e</sup> point and present him with y<sup>e</sup> hilt on his knees to expiate his affront; he did so, and ever after revered Mr. W., who put him not to publique shame, nor spake harshly to him. How forceable are right words!"

Having then heard how Corbet of Jesus encountered the Proctor and surrendered not his name and college only but his heart (surely now a very antiquated proceeding), let us hear of the marvellous escape of Shepherd of Emmanuel. "Mr. Shepherd's eminent deliverance. When Mr. Shepherd was at Emmanuel Colledge he studyed in bed [I believe this custom is quite gone out at Emmanuel], had a wyre candlestick; while he slept y<sup>e</sup> snuff of y<sup>e</sup> candle fell on his pillow; burnd and smothred so y<sup>t</sup> when y<sup>e</sup> bed-maker came

in y<sup>e</sup> morning, shee was almost styfled, opened y<sup>e</sup> winddow and cryed her master was choaked. This awakened him; y<sup>e</sup> pillow was burned saveing in y<sup>e</sup> places where his head and neck lay, not a hair of his head singed."

We have seen the undergraduate at play and asleep; let us take a glimpse at him in the disputations which were so great a part of his life here. Of Mr. Darby, Mr. W. says: "He had y<sup>e</sup> best naturall parts of any pupill he ever had, yet extream idle. [Somehow after this Mr. Darby becomes a very real character to us.] When he was Prevaricator\* he was hum'd\* at every sentence; y<sup>e</sup> Sophisters caryed him out upon their shoulders, sent him home with six trumpets, &c. [Now our good Proctor thinks it's time for him to intervene.] Mr. W. hasted to him, told him 'Now thou thinks thyself a witt and a brave fellow; thou'lt be courted to their drunken society and undon.' 'No,' says he, 'I think myself a great deal worse than in y<sup>e</sup> morning, haveing only showed y<sup>t</sup> I can play y<sup>e</sup> fool to please boys,' and he hoped God would keep him from such company. His excelent poem describeing y<sup>e</sup> drunken club, printed many years after,

\* The MS. has "Remoraccator" and "hem'd," probably a miscopy of Mr. Woodcock's MS. The Prevaricator played the part of Devil's Advocate in a disputation, suggesting difficulties beyond those put by the opponent of the thesis. A person with a character for ready wit would be selected for the part. The word "hum'd," as I am assured by an excellent authority, was commonly used in the sense "applauded."



shows how much he abhorred y<sup>m</sup>." But he retained his old wit as the sequel shows : "When Dr. Tillotson left Kedditon to come to London, Mr. W. prevailed with Sr Tho. Barnardiston to present Mr. Darby, where he lives yet. Long since he sent him a letter of thanks, and desired, seeing he had got him a living, he would now get him a wife ; with whome he desired not durty mony, but pure vertue, yet in regard vertue was not infallibly certain, he desired 1000 pounds caution-mony, for vertue should fail."

Dr. Thomas Goodwin,\* Fellow of Catharine Hall, seems to deserve a place among these representatives of old Cambridge, as an eccentric who apparently combined an extreme of Puritanism with a certain tenderness for his bodily refreshment, and, as is not surprising, was grievously misunderstood. "He prayed," we are told, "with his hat on and sitting. In his travil he caryed blankets, linning, neats-tongues, claret, &c., in his coach, as Mrs. Arrowsmith told Mr. W. when y<sup>e</sup> Dr. lay at Trinity College. Then I suppose it was "y<sup>t</sup> he came to hear Mr. Whitchcot at

\* Made President of Magdalen College, Oxford, by Oliver Cromwell. He died in 1679, and was buried in Bunhill Fields. According to his epitaph—

"His writings already published  
And what are now preparing for publication  
The noblest monuments of this great man's praise  
Will diffuse his name in a more fragrant odour  
Than that of the richest perfume  
To flourish in those far-distant ages  
When this marble inscribed with his just honours  
Shall have dropped into dust."

Trinity Church, when some waggish scollars said he slept all y<sup>e</sup> while ; but himself said he could not forbear going into his chamber and for a long while bewayling y<sup>e</sup> infelicity of y<sup>e</sup> University, which had such corrupt preachers and preaching in it."

We shall turn from these tales of men gone down when we have given to the world, perhaps for the first time, the veracious history of a wrestling match between an Archbishop of Canterbury and a Master of Emmanuel. (Is there really no hope of this sort of thing being revived? Most Reverend Prelate and honoured Master, take this little hint and contribute one fresh sensation to a jaded age.) "Bishop Bancroft was contemporary with Dr. Chaderton, y<sup>e</sup> known first Master of Emmanuel Colledge. Chaderton, having busynes with him when he was at Lambeth, sent in his name. The Bishop dismissed all the company with him, sends for him in, asks him his name if it was Chaderton. He replied 'Yes.' 'I shall know y<sup>t</sup> presently,' says he, shuts y<sup>e</sup> doors, puts off his gown. 'If you be Chaderton y<sup>n</sup> you can wrestle, and I will try one fall' (as they had oft done at y<sup>e</sup> University).\* The Doctor flung y<sup>e</sup> Archbishop. 'Now,' says he, 'I know you are Chaderton.' Dispatches him with handsom kindnes. It was somew<sup>t</sup> ominous y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> Puritan should fling y<sup>e</sup> Archbishop."

\* The *Vita Laurentii Chaderton* tells how in their early days Chaderton saved Bancroft's life in a "town-and-gown." See Mullinger's *History*, v. 2, p. 477 n.

This both Dr. Tuckney\* and Dr. Horton told Mr. W., and said they had it from Dr. Chaderton's own mouth.

From Cambridge to Oundle is no long journey, and I will close this paper with the story of an Oundle physician who seems to have been less of a Puritan than a wit.

"Of Dr. Bowls, of Oundle. He was sent for to a captain of y<sup>e</sup> Parliament side, y<sup>t</sup> had torne some Common prayer-books, who was y<sup>n</sup> sick of a dysentery. He caused some of y<sup>e</sup> leaves to be boyled in milke, gave it to his patient and it cured him. So he preacht to him y<sup>e</sup> evil of tearing so medicinall a book. Being told afterwards y<sup>t</sup> they heard he had done a miracle, cured a man with y<sup>e</sup> Common prayer,—'Yes, I have so.' 'But, Doctor, would not any other paper with such ink upon it have done as well?' 'No,' said he, 'I put in y<sup>r</sup> prayer for y<sup>e</sup> vissitation of y<sup>e</sup> sick.' This Dr in y<sup>e</sup> times of Oliver at their healths and merry meetings would take a crum of bread and swallow it,

\* Dr. Tuckney was Master of St. John's from 1653 till the Restoration, when he was replaced by Gunning. This story is told of him: "In his elections at St. John's when the President according to the cant of the times would call upon him to have regard to the *godly*, he answered no one should have greater regard to the truly godly than himself; but he was determined to choose none but *scholars*, adding 'They may deceive me in their godliness, they cannot in their scholarship.'" Baker, the Historian of the College, though he counts Tuckney only as Master *de facto*, speaks warmly of the good discipline which he kept, and of the ingratitude with which he was rewarded.

saying ‘God send this crum—well down.’ Yet he gott nothing when y<sup>e</sup> king came in.” With which woeful instance of royal neglect we come to a pause.

## II

[MARCH 17, 1886]

Any one who pretends to possess new historical material is bound by precedent to upset two or three established reputations, or he is nowhere. In this particular I shall not fail: for on the indubitable testimony of Mr. Woodcock’s book, the Royal Martyr becomes a common-swearer, and the so-called Merry Monarch the stern critic of lax theology! En, tibi, lector:—

“Part of Dr. Hamond’s Sermon before y<sup>e</sup> King at Oxford when his case was low and he had this saying [*i.e.*, was addicted to this language:] ‘As long as God-dam-me’s leads y<sup>e</sup> Van, and y<sup>e</sup> Devil-Confound-me’s brings up y<sup>e</sup> rear, he must needs be routed in all his enterprizes.’ At which the K. wept. Told by Mr. Smith, minister of Wadhouse, who was eye-and-ear-witness of both.” But our surprise at these ejaculations of a saintly spirit in difficulties is lessened (or heightened) on hearing that the King’s spiritual director was given the same way. This is too evident

from the story—"Of Bp. Hacket and Bp. Laud. Bp. Hacket told Dr. Boylston, one of y<sup>e</sup> prebendaries of Litchfield, y<sup>t</sup> Bp. Laud would swear notably, but *he once tryed with him and did out-swear him.*" This Dr. Boylston told Mr. Woodcock himself. Tantaene animis coelestibus irae? a simple soul might say. But the subject is so little understood that a really scientific memoir on 'Rudimentary Human Nature in Bishops' would be both piquant and valuable. "On y<sup>e</sup> same fashion in Darby pulpit, he is reported to have used this phrase, 'The Devil scald you all,' *which was apprehended to be a curse.*" If not a curse, we must admit it was an uncommon form of benediction, which may well have puzzled the good people of Derby.

How refreshing it is, however, to turn from these martyrs of unclean lips to that bright light and defender of the faith Charles II. ! "King Charles 2nd's speech of Mr. Lamb's Sermon. He began his sermon at Windsor before y<sup>e</sup> King thus: 'Faith, Truth and Grace are y<sup>e</sup> 3 great Impostors of y<sup>e</sup> world; Reason is y<sup>e</sup> Empress of y<sup>e</sup> Soul, whose conduct through Theoligy, morality, and policy, I am now to shew you.' The King said after all ended, 'What stuff is this? Such stuff as they bring from Oxford? it's better to catechize and answer two questions,—how we might live well and Dye well.' One y<sup>t</sup> heard y<sup>e</sup> King speake it told Dr. Burnet, he Dr. Bates, and he Mr. W."

Mr. Woodcock allows however that this good theologian was not deficient in a certain mundane smartness. Witness the story "Of Seth Ward, Bp. of Sarum. His father was an Attorney at Buntingford in Hartfordshire. He was bred in Sydney College. When K. C. intended to shut up y<sup>e</sup> Exchequer he asked this Bp. if he had no monys there, intending to give him a friendly warning. He said he had none, (fearing y<sup>e</sup> King would borrow it). 'But are you sure?' said y<sup>e</sup> K.; 'have you not 3000lb.?' 'No,' said he (*verba sacerdotis*), 'I've not a groat.' The K. knowing it, said, 'Let him goe like a knave and his money with him.' By this he lost his hopes of y<sup>e</sup> A.Bp. of Canterbury and 3000 lb. Being chancelor for y<sup>e</sup> Knights of Windsor, y<sup>e</sup> K. usually allowed to y<sup>e</sup> Chancelor y<sup>e</sup> surplusage of w<sup>t</sup> he gave for y<sup>e</sup> Installments. At 7 years end, y<sup>e</sup> K. called him for Accompts. He told him he had 3000 lb. and he would put 2000 more to it and build houses for y<sup>e</sup> poor K<sup>ts</sup>. The K. said 'I am a poor K<sup>t</sup>, I'll have y<sup>e</sup> mony myself,' and so he lost 3000 lb. more."

When the cat is away, the mice seize a temporary advantage, and it is not surprising that with Bishops such as 'Seth Sarum,' the 'inferior' clergy were even more inferior than usual.

"Of Dr. Wells of Aldersgate. He was Chaplin to y<sup>e</sup> Army in Scotland: conformed. Having bid his friends to his child's Baptizing in Aldersgate parish, at 2 a clock y<sup>e</sup> child was very sick, so he Baptized it.

[The *dénouement* follows]. But when 4 of clock came and y<sup>e</sup> friends y<sup>t</sup> were invited, (being loath to lose y<sup>e</sup> silver spoons) at y<sup>e</sup> same time he rebaptized it, as y<sup>e</sup> Nurse told Mr. W., both times in his own house. What will not these Latitudinarians doe?" What indeed, Mr. Woodcock? It is a question still hard to answer.

Lest we should fancy however that crime goes always unpunished, it is well to read the sad but salutary story which is entitled "Mr. Brown's legacy to 35 ministers. He was a Goldsmith in Cheapside, had no child nor near kinsman to be heir to 40lb. per annum he had in Walthamstow, than a half brother y<sup>t</sup> was very wicked. He gave his father-in-law, Col. Anger of Wiltshire and his mother this estate for their lives and after their disease to be sold and divided to 35 ministers. At y<sup>e</sup> funerall Col. Anger said, 'I pray God be mercyfull to us, we shall not live long who have 35 ministers ingadged to pray for our Deaths.' This was rashly and uncharitably spoken, but within 9 weeks both he and his wife Dyed."

The following is also a decidedly edifying anecdote, as it suggests what is perhaps the supreme advantage of the married state. "When Mr. Rogers mourned unmeasurably for his wife, some friends chid him and said he had cause to be thankful y<sup>t</sup> God had taken away such a Thorn in his side as Shee was. 'Oh,' says he, 'shee was a good wife,

shee sent me to God many a time when otherwise I should not have gone.' ”

I have reserved to the end the story which puts the greatest strain on one's credulity, but when it is seen to rest on the word of an eminent man of science, scepticism would manifestly be out of place.

“Dr. Godard\* of Gresham Colledge had an Exquisite pallat for edibils and potabils, yet he said there were 2 vinteners y<sup>t</sup> was better y<sup>n</sup> hee : who being to taste wine, they both commended it. ‘But,’ says y<sup>e</sup> one, ‘it has a little taste of Brass’; says y<sup>e</sup> other, ‘It tastes a little of leather.’ When y<sup>e</sup> vessill was emptyed, there was found at y<sup>e</sup> bottom a leather point with two brass taggs upon it.”

G. C. M. S.

\* John Godard, M.D., was ejected in 1662 from the Wardenship of Merton College, Oxford. He was Fellow of the College of Physicians, Professor of Physic in Gresham College, and F.R.S. (*Nonconformists' Memorial*, v. i. p. 196.)



## THACKERAY AT CAMBRIDGE

[OCTOBER 19, 1887]

Thackeray's works contain some allusions to his Cambridge days, but they are not frequent, like his Charterhouse reminiscences. Thus in his *Round-about Papers*, wherein he loves to recall the memories of his youth, he writes : " I met my college tutor only yesterday. We were travelling, and stopped at the same hotel. He had the very next room to mine. After he had gone into his apartment, having shaken me quite kindly by the hand, I felt inclined to knock at his door and say ' Doctor Bentley, I beg your pardon, but do you remember, when I was going down at the Easter vacation in 1830, you asked me where I was going to spend my vacation? And I said, With my friend Slingsby, in Huntingdonshire. Well, sir, I grieve to have to confess that I told you a fib. I had got £20, and was going for a lark to Paris, where my friend Edwards was staying.' There, it is out. The Doctor will read this, for I did not wake him up after all to make my confession, but protest

he shall have a copy of this Roundabout sent to him when he returns to his lodge."

But the most interesting allusions to his old University are contained in a letter, written 1850, to Mrs. Brookfield, when he was staying in Cambridge with his friend, the Rev. William Brookfield:—

"Madam,—I have only had one opportunity of saying how do you do to-day, on the envelope of a letter which you will have received from another, and even more intimate friend, W. H. B. This is to inform you that I am so utterly and dreadfully miserable now he has just gone off at one o'clock to Norwich by the horrid mail, that I think I can't bear this place beyond to-morrow, and must come back again.

"We had a very pleasant breakfast at Dr. Henry Maine's and two well-bred young gents of the University, just as we remember them 200 years ago. . . . Well, we brexfested with Mr. and Mrs. Maine, and I thought him a most kind, gentle and lovable sort of man, so to speak, and liked her artlessness and simplicity, and then we went to fetch walks over the ground, forgotten, and yet somehow well remembered. . . . We went to the Union where we read the papers, then drove to the river where we saw the young fellows in the boats, then amidst the College groves and cetera, and peeped into the various courts and halls, and were not unamused, but bitterly melancholious, though I must say William complimented me on my healthy appearance, and he, for his part,

looked uncommonly well. I then went to see my relations, old Dr. Thackeray, 75 years of age, perfectly healthy, handsome, stupid and happy, and he isn't a bit changed in twenty years, nor is his wife, strange to say. I told him he looked like my grandfather, his uncle, on which he said, 'Your grandfather was by no means the handsomest of the Thackerays,' and so I suppose he prides himself upon his personal beauty. At four we went to dine with Don Thompson in Hall, where the thing to me most striking was the—if you please—the smell of the dinner, exactly like what I remember aforetime. Savoury odours of youth borne across I don't know what streams and deserts, struggles, passions, poverties, hopes, hopeless loves and useless loves of twenty years! There is a sentiment suddenly worked out of a number of veal and mutton joints, which surprises me just as much as it astonishes you, but the best or worst of being used to the pen is, that one chatters with it as with the tongue to certain persons, and all things blurt out for good or for bad.

"I am going out to breakfast to see some of the gallant young blades of the University, and to-night, if I last until then, to the Union to hear a debate. What a queer thing it is! I think William is a little disappointed that I have not been made enough a lion of, whereas my timid nature trembles before such honours, and my vanity would be to go through life as a gentleman—as a Major Pendennis—you have

hit it. I believe I never do think about my public character, and certainly didn't see the gyps, waiters and undergraduates whispering in hall as your William did, or thought he did. He was quite happy in some dreary rooms in college, where I should have perished of *ennui*—thus are we constituted." \*

\* Extract from "Unpublished Letters of Thackeray."—*Scribner's Magazine*, July, 1887.

## THE GOGMAGOGS

[OCTOBER 25, 1888]

It seems to be generally understood that "the Gogmagogs" is a playful appellation bestowed upon our most gigantic hills by the humour of a past generation of undergraduates. The name may have been suggested by the older name current in Elizabethan English, which was *Gogmanshill*. There is a mention of this name in *A Dialogue*, by W. Bullein, printed in 1578, and reprinted for the Early English Text Society in 1888. At p. 113 of the reprint we find:—"I am fourtie yeres olde, but I did neuer se the lke but once, and that was betwene Godmichester [Godmanchester] and Gogmanshille, a little from Cambridge, as I traueiled to Wolpit faire to buye coltes." Here Wolpit is Woolpit in Suffolk, to the east of Bury.

Another variation is *Hogmagog*. Mr. Wm. Worts, in his will, dated 1709, left money "to be applied to the making a calcey or causeway from Emmanuel College to Hogmagog, *alias* Gogmagog Hills." The Worts Causeway is duly marked in the Ordnance map.

It would hardly occur to a reader of *Marmion* that the original scene of the encounter, from which Marmion's combat with De Wilton is copied, is no other place than our own Gogmagogs. Yet such is probably the case. Sir Walter Scott tells us that he took the story from Gervase of Tilbury, where the story is told of a baron named Osbert, "in the vicinity of Wandelbury, in the bishoprick of Ely." But Sir Walter does not seem to have been aware that the story occurs in the *Gesta Romanorum*, where it is tale No. 155, which in Swan's translation, begins thus :—"There is in England, as Gervase tells us, on the borders of the episcopal see of Ely, a castle called Cathubica ; a little below [*i.e.* beyond] which is a place distinguished by the appellation of Wandlesbury, because, as they say, the Vandals having laid waste the country and cruelly slaughtered the Christians here pitched their camp. Around a small hillock, where their tents were pitched, was a circular space of level ground, enclosed by ramparts, to which none but one entrance presented itself." The story goes on to record the encounter between a knight named Albert, who repaired to the place, accompanied by his squire, and a demon-warrior. The story in Gervase is just the same, only the knight's name is Osbert. Harrison alludes to the same story in his *Description of England*, ed. 1587, p. 129, col. 1, where, speaking of "Geruase of Tilburia," he says :—"What a tale he telleth in his *De otio imperiali*, of Wandelburie hilles, that lie within

sight and by south of Cambridge . . . and of a spirit that would of custom in a moone-shine night (if he were chalenged and called thereunto) run at tilt and turnie in complet armor with anie knight or gentleman whonisoever, in that place: and how one Osbert of Barnewell armed himself," etc.

The ordnance map gives the name "Gogmagog Hills" to all the hills in that neighbourhood; and marks Wandlebury (miswritten Vandlebury) just to the left of the highest point over which the Hills Road passes. There seem to be remains there of an old camp.

It may be doubted whether *Wandelbury* is named from the Vandals in the sense in which that word is usually understood. Of course *Vandals* is due to a Latin spelling of *Wandals*, or rather *Wendels*; and it is rather remarkable that we should take the trouble to consult the Latin language in order to learn how to mispronounce an English word. This *Wendel* is preserved, not only in the A.S. *Wendel-sæ*, the *Wendel-sea* or *Vandal-sea*, which is our old name for the Mediterranean Sea, but quite correctly in such a name as *Wendlebury* (co. Oxford). *Wendel* is a mere derivative of the verb to *wend*, and is equivalent in sense to "wanderer," which is ultimately from the same root-verb—viz., the verb to *wind*. *Wendlebury* is simply "borough of wanderers," and that is all we are likely to learn of the matter. We should now call such a spot a "camping-out place."

Much more might be said as to the legends of Gog and Magog in connection with the neighbourhood of Cambridge, but this would lead me too far afield.

WALTER W. SKEAT.



## LETTERS TO LECTURERS

### I.—TO DR. VERRALL

[OCTOBER 31, 1889]

DEAR DOCTOR VERRALL,

When I first came up to Cambridge, you were, I believe, practising at the bar, and to us freshmen were known chiefly as one of the immortal bracket, Butcher, Page, Verrall, which gave the highest satisfaction to all, with the possible exception of His Grace the Chancellor. But it was not to be; and what the Woolsack lost, Cambridge in general and myself in particular gained by your return here in 1877; for I was among those who had the pleasure of being under you as Composition Lecturer, and thereout, I trust, we sucked no small advantage. It is perhaps a little incongruous in me to write a letter to a lecturer whose regular lectures I never attended. Those were, you remember, the troublous times of Set Subjects, and even one of the greatest advocates of that system admitted that any attempt to improve one's mind before the Tripos was inconsistent with Practical Wisdom. So it was

at other feet than yours that I learned from Plato that I had a soul, and from Lucretius that I had'nt (at least worth bragging about), and from Aristotle that it belonged to 'another enquiry.'

But let me return from this digression and remind you that you have produced an excellent edition of the *Medea*, and written a Greek play on the lines of the *Choephori* with occasional plagiarisms from Æschylus. Your studies in Horace have done much to build up the reputation of that person; and if Aelius was not a bailiff, may we never live to know what a bailiff is ourselves, the University contribution notwithstanding. You wrote on Horace; there you had the pull over him; but Horace, though, it is to be feared, a pagan, was a prophet, and there he had the pull over you. For did he not pen those exquisite lines:—

Splendid Emendax et in omne virgo  
Nobilis ævum?

—which, in the interests of our scientific friends and others who have no Greek, I would paraphrase as a brilliant editor, a B.A. who will live to see his name in the *Cambridge Review*. And this brings me to the gist of my remarks, for a letter to you which did not touch on your emendations would be like a letter to Hamlet with no allusions to his probable succession to the throne of Denmark. Emendations, as the philosopher said of desires, are of three kinds; natural and necessary; natural and unnecessary; unnatural and

unnecessary. You have shone in the first two classes. In the third? *μὴ γένοιτο*. Still you will pardon my reminding you that you have admitted to me in black and white that our fragile little friend *λεχὴ* is "very very dead."—R.I.P. Again, was it kind in you to suggest *ἀκοῆς* in a well-known passage in Pindar? Till then he stood confessed the champion mixer of metaphors in the world. You might have left that sublime poet his greatest charm. But there is in all your emendations, whether we accept them with joy or pass them by in sorrow, a touch of the Eiffel-tower; we revel in the newer view when we have recovered from the stupendous climb.

But a change has come over the spirit of your dream. When we heard that you were sitting down before Ogygian Thebes and adding another to the Weeping Seven, our expectations were raised to the highest pitch. Would you echo the words of the impious Kapaneus, "D.V. or not I will sack the city"? No, you forgot the great formula of your party, "As in 1885," and the result is not to say conservative—Primrose Dames and the Battering Ram is nearer the mark. While we are on the subject of the *Septem*, I should like to have your candid opinion of the merits of that play. Do you hold with (I think) Mr. James Payn that it is arrant rubbish, or with me that the interest is too painfully thrilling? How one checks off the gates on one's fingers, and trembles to think what some exceedingly boastful person is doing

outside! And then the intense relief to learn that Justice is leading a God-fearing man to the safe side of the gate, and that the knowing ones are putting their money on Zeus, Typho being offered in vain.

As an examiner your mark-book is Alpine in its scenery, towering heights alternating with yawning abysses. Nought and a hundred are your favourite symbols. While the good man finds in you a patent elevator, the impostor lights on a nether mill-stone. But, as we know, even the author of parts of the so-called Homeric poems sometimes dozes. And this must, I think, have happened to you some ten years ago, when you assigned marks to four elaborate historical essays which had not a ghost of a fact concealed about their persons. Let me take this opportunity of apologising. "Make brick," said the Examiners. But if you have no straw, and no time to go a-gleaning, what are you to do? One is in the delicate position of the Plataeans and the Little Question. "What do you know of the reforms of Cleisthenes?" To answer the truth is inexpedient (as the Trinity scholar found in the matter of the Pelasgians), while falsehood brings with it an easy detection.

Let me further remind you that you have built a house and taken the Litt.D. But neither of these is distinctive now-a-days. I have never seen you in a cope. You are a Home-Ruler and prefer to play whist for love. One of these courses seems to me more commendable than the other. You are not the

typical don of romance ; you have managed to hit the happy mean in being hail-fellow-well-met with undergraduates and seniors alike without forgetting that membership of the Senate of this University is perhaps the highest position attainable by man. You are a pleasant companion, have a keen sense of humour, and are, I am sure, of too kindly a nature to take amiss any apparent flippancy in this letter. You have many friends and no enemies, except your partner for the time being.

## II.—TO PROFESSOR JEBB

[NOVEMBER 14, 1889]

DEAR PROFESSOR JEBB,

In returning this year to Cambridge you did your old University an honour which it cannot easily repay. The University of Glasgow is literally set on a hill ; but the University of Cambridge is, metaphorically speaking, set on a much higher hill, and the Chair of the Professor of Greek occupies as high a place as any in that University. This perhaps is in itself sufficient reward for you.

You are probably aware that you have edited three plays of Sophocles, and that your editions of those plays are quite unrivalled. This term, as you know, you are lecturing on the *Philoctetes*, and it is probable

that your edition of that play will soon be ready. Meantime you are known as the finest Greek scholar, I suppose, in the world, and your lectures are worthy of your position.

But why should you, the Professor of Greek, with an audience such as you can command, choose such an inadequate room in which to deliver your lectures? Your college hall, the large room of the Guildhall, the Theatre Royal, or the Market Place, with a pulpit erected in the centre, would all be more suitable for your requirements. Indeed the last suggestion merits your attention. What could be more impressive than to see you, our Greek Professor, after the manner of some, no doubt, of those Attic Orators whose works you have edited so well, standing on a *βήμα* in the open air addressing a multitude of earnest students? At the time of the coronation of the Queen some of the most enthusiastic spectators arrived on the scene of action over-night. The same story applies to your lectures.

In spite of this the crowd of those who come to gather up the words that fall from your lips is very great, and this 'gathering up' expresses tolerably what happens at your lectures. All will admit that your voice is as clear as anyone can desire; still you do not give us the impression of a man lecturing to a large audience; no, you give us the impression of a man lecturing in a loud, clear voice, it is true, but lecturing to himself. Perhaps this is how it happens

that you lecture in the Art Schools ; you have said, or you might have said, " At a certain hour on certain days I shall be reading aloud to myself my edition of the *Philoctetes*, so far as it at present goes ; if any members of the University choose to come and look on or listen, they may do so."

It is possible that half the members of your class would not recognise you if they met you in the street ; for they never see your face, unless they catch a glimpse of it as you enter the room. A lecturer to be perfect, should not only be a fine scholar as you are—a quality which very few can hope to attain—but they should have something of the actor's art as well. An occasional gesture helps on a lecture ; your audience would like to see you move about, to see you speak to them face to face, and not merely reading aloud. You know how much more attractive a sermon is when preached extempore ; and it is the same with a lecture ; the lecturer is so much more in touch with his audience. Now, if you went to Mr. J. W. Clark, you might pick up some valuable hints, such as he after long experience with the A. D. C. would be sure to be able to give you. You could of course take your lessons in private ; there would be no need for you to compete with Mr. Leese ; and you would in time, no doubt, find yourself driven to seek a lecture room twice the size of the Arts School.

But to return to the question of your Greek scholarship : one great charm of your work is its

thoroughness. Your introductions, your commentaries, your appendices are models of what such work should be ; and then, your command of English is equal to your command of Greek—what higher praise can be awarded to it?—and your translations of the plays which you have edited would prove you to be a master of the English language, were you not also the first Greek scholar of the day. We must not of course forget that you are not entering for the first time on Cambridge work ; you have been with us before. It will probably interest you little to hear the story of your life ; but it may not be amiss to remind you that you were Public Orator at this University before you went to Glasgow, for that is now thirteen years ago, so that possibly you may have forgotten the fact. And you may have forgotten how appropriately it came to pass that the first celebrity whom you presented for a degree was a Greek Archbishop. In those days, too, you were a Tutor of Trinity, and in 1862 you had been senior classic, with Mr. C. E. Graves second, and Dr. Jackson third. Of course, too, you won the Porson Prize and the Scholarship of the same name, and the Craven also.

Among the latest of the honours that have fallen to your lot, Dr. Verrall has dedicated to you his edition of the *Agamemnon* which has just been published, and we cannot do better than here express our concurrence in the respect and welcome which that accomplished scholar offers to you in that dedication.



And now, before closing this letter, I would beg you once more to reflect on the advice which has been offered to you. Leave the Arts School and learn to act.

### III.—TO PROFESSOR STANFORD

[NOVEMBER 21, 1889]

DEAR PROFESSOR STANFORD,

Of your genius as a composer we have long been convinced; with your fame as a leading light of the New School of English Musicians we have long been conversant; but it is only recently that you have discovered yourself to us in the new *rôle* of a University Lecturer. And there, dear Professor, (we say it with grief) we cannot accord to you that unqualified praise which our devotion to yourself, and admiration of your music, would fain have us mete out to you. Your lectures are marvels of erudition. Facts, dates, and sound criticism are there in unimpeachable array, but in this very strength lies their only weakness. Their massive solidity overwhelms us. Our poor mental digestion is hardly equal to disposing, at one sitting, of the tremendous intellectual meal which any one of your lectures so lavishly provides. Be the point never so unimportant, you must needs bring to bear on it the whole of your descriptive and critical artillery. Bang! bang! go

your hundred-tonners, loaded to the muzzle with hard fact, critical acumen, or the grape shot of epigrammatic sarcasm ; we listen in awe-struck wonderment, and it is only when the smoke of your broadside has cleared away, that we begin to see how much more serviceable small arms would have proved, and how much your elaboration of details causes us to carry away only a confused and hazy impression of the points which you really wish us to remember. Then your hour is up, with half your story untold, and straightway you cast agonised glances at the blandly smiling clock, as though it were to blame, poor thing. We like, however, the refreshing unconventionality of your diction. Some may possibly think it too colloquial. 'A couple of bangs on E flat' (as we once heard you remark) may be forcible, but it is hardly professorial. Nevertheless, we prefer you thuswise ; in these characteristic utterances we see something of that strong personality which has brought you to the front rank of living musicians.

And this leads me to another point, in which, not only Cambridge, but England owes you thanks. I allude to your magnificent castigation of that unspeakable entity, the British Musical Critic. You alone have had the courage to cross swords with that aggregation of arrogant dunces who have over-run every branch of musical criticism, and have, till lately, held the fame and reputation of every rising composer at the mercy of their dull stupid pens.

When critics turn librettists also, woe betide the luckless composer who dares to choose his own book of words. Others have succumbed, and written down to the level of these self-constituted and self-styled leaders of musical thought. But, Ajax-like, you have defied them, and the verdict of the British public has been given emphatically in your favour. O the consternation you carried into their camp! How they ponderously sought to annihilate you, and how they lifted up their voice with one accord, and solemnly brayed in futile wrath, as your caustic retorts went home! Poor Dvorák's one terrible failure was an attempt to write for the British Critic, and *St. Ludmila* was the dreadful result. The Bohemian has since shaken the dust of England from off his feet, having found out when too late, a fact which you had discovered long ago, that the British musical critics are *not* the British people. A splendid genius like Mackenzie, has no other choice than to set his music to the gruesome *libretti* with which they provide him. Small wonder, then, that they should bellow forth their indignation against you, since you have persistently declined to make use of their inane 'books.'

And then, too, what does Cambridge not owe you for your labours on behalf of musical art in its highest form within her classic walls? You have succeeded in centralizing scattered musical forces, and as a result, we have the splendid performances of your pet child

and nursling, the C.U.M.S., of which you are so justly proud. True, we sometimes find you uneasily restive when you discover any new musical venture which owes not its birth to the C.U.M.S., or when any existing musical organization assumes proportions which seem to menace the older body. But though you are thus addicted to the discovery of musical mares' nests, and do on such occasions play the part of a tornado in—hum,—let us say, a frock coat, we like you the more, because we know that these little weaknesses are but a proof of your devotion to the cause of good music here.

And finally, you have at last induced the University to lend its support to the cause of your art. As you truly said, you were the only professor without a fund at his disposal for lectures. You asked the Musical Board for a hundred pounds; they, however, appraise Cambridge music at half that sum, and have given you £50 per annum towards the cost of your lectures and concerts. Still, bravely done; it is something to have roused to action the authorities of a University where, but a generation ago, the tendency among the gravely erudite was to regard music as only fit occupation for fiddlers and foreigners. You, however, have shown the true dignity of your art, and though posterity will chiefly remember you by your fine masculine compositions, they will not willingly forget your devoted and unsparing labours for the advancement of music in Cambridge.

## IV.—TO PROFESSOR MACALISTER

[DECEMBER 5, 1889]

DEAR PROFESSOR MACALISTER,

Your pride at being selected to succeed Professor Humphry was somewhat dashed at first by the discovery that you had left the shores of the scented Liffey to dwell upon the banks of a smelling Cam. But even Professorships have their drawbacks; and you are an Ulster man and a philosopher. They miss you in Dublin too: the dear old whiskied city, where rippling humour and racy wit rainbow the tears in the hearts of its clinging people. Those were fine times when a man was not reckoned a member of Trinity until he had paid the costs of the o'er-night freak at the morrow's unfeeling police-court. You were well known there. For was it not yourself that paid the fine for a penitent and penniless pupil? And in many an Irish doctory (and where beat there warmer and more grateful hearts?) glasses are drained with Celtic *clan* at the mention of Sandy Macalister. The parting brought one specially bitter grief to you. It was not the old Chair of Human and Comparative Anatomy: that was filled with a worthy successor. It was the compulsory relinquishment of the honourable post of chief dissector to the Dublin Zoo. And who has not heard of your navigation of the aorta of that whale; and of the adventurous travels into the interiors of the seven elephants? This seminary of Sound Learning

whose special colds and sausages have such a national, not to say European reputation, lodges you meanly. It is in the way to make amends. A deal-lined shanty with corrugated top; the three cracked old stoves that, like veteran gossips, have brought the art of getting much smoke from little fire to five o'clock tea perfection; the row of basins, the tallowy soap and o'er-hanging taps, flanked by the clammy towels; the coloured diagrams; the shelves and boxes; that high tier of window and the skylights that give copious access to the draughty air; the skeleton gas-jets in painted array; the stools; and then the stands whereon are laid the dishevelled remains of our unpreened and ungarnished humanity: and we are in the Dissecting Room. Here scalpel in hand you prosect for your lectures and diffuse around an aroma of untiring philanthropy. You labour and teach with the like untrammelled and unresting care. And it is only when sorely pressed that you show the tip of what, were you less good-natured, might be a biting and sarcastic tooth, as you remind us that we are taught not for our own advantage solely, but for the benefit, not to say the safety, of ungrateful and penurious laymen. And your work does not end in teaching us: variations are noted, and abnormalities pickled for the literature and museums of Anatomy. At fifteen minutes to one the first row in the theatre is taken; at ten minutes to, the second; at five minutes, the third; and by the time the hour is

reached, every tier is taken and loins are girded for the coming lecture. English has dusted the blackboards, and disposed the specimens in requisite array. The door opens, and you are before us. The trencher is deposited upon the cupboard ; the glance at English's display is taken ; the lips are poised for the flowing speech ; your watch marks time with all the damnable iteration of an endless tick ; the head that disdains to have its obelion pilose is thrown into bold relief ; the eye selects that student in the farthest seat ; and soon the high tenor tones a(h)scend with clearness to the topmost tier. Nor do we forget the rivetting of important utterance with the short emphatic snort. Hand is almost as busy as the musculature of speech ; and a diagram is outlined with the scraping chalks. Say the jaws, and you lecture on the teeth. They are fitted in with skill and deftness, and you conclude by assuring us that 'the wisdom teeth are usually developed in even numbers from eighteen-and-a-half to twenty-five.' But the gala days are those on which you enchain us with your calling's story, and remind us that the anatomy of man is an ancient and royal subject of study ; that *the first book whereof we have any record was on this theme* ; and that its author was a king. The Egyptian papyri are brought out—and read by you. We hear of Nebsecht, who called himself the Lord of Healing, and flourished full 3000 years ago ; and of the potting of that organ that determines the life of the liver. Professor Jebb receives

an incidental correction. Antigone stabbed herself through the liver, not the heart: the dark black blood shows that. Moreover the hepatic stab was the fashionable suicide in her time. You make us proud of being in the ranks of a profession that never yet lacked learned and unselfish men, and that numbers amongst its teachers you. And the Healing Art deserves to have for its first chronicler a writer of regal birth; for its origin, if not coeval with that of man, is coetaneous with that of humanity. But you are versed in more than Egyptian, and German, and proud Physic's lore. In your youth you have seen smoke-dried and sweet-haired maidens sitting in stone, turf-topped shielings at work with rubbing-stones and querns—the rotating stone keeping time to the crooning of a Gaelic song. And you can remember the cas-chrom in use where the plough was a foreign luxury. You would none the less be sorry to infer that pottery of a rude unglazed kind with diagonal scoring was invariably Celtic. These things you noted in your youth. What may you not see when dandling Time shall have ripened you into a mellow age? You may see a female Vice-Chancellor; un-wisdom flee our senatorial councils; and the Union illuminated with the electric light! One of your fellow Professors summarises your versatility in ridding himself of troublesome questioners with the formula 'Go to Professor Macalister, *he knows everything*.' You have written on *Animal Morphology*, on



*Evolution in Church History*, and on *The Inscriptions of Aahmes*, and in pretty well all the Journals of the Learned Societies. Your just-published *Text-book of Anatomy* will bring you lasting fame and heaps of curses. An ex-President of the Antiquarian Society, you now preside over the Medical Prayer Union, and have, I am told, been persuaded to preach. The Universities of Cambridge and Dublin count you among their Doctors. The Royal Society has made you one of its Fellows. You are a member of the Senate of the Royal University of Ireland; of the University of Dublin; and of our own Nurse of Learning. A trained intelligence is brought to the Councils of each. The Archæological, the Bibliological, and the Anthropological and the Anatomical Societies award you high places. Why tell you this? Because you would never tell it of yourself. As an Examiner you are more respected than popular: your standard is apt to be inconveniently high for the slothful and the superficial, and in particular for those, who with open-crawed effrontery challenge a trial on no surer base and underpropping than debilitated tips. And herein you do the State some service. I shall not tell you with what feelings your pupils regard you, lest like the writer of the *Letter to Professor Humphry*\* I be charged by those who do not know you with what a Cumbrian would call beflatchment, and find that I have but worn my heart upon my sleeve for

\* Not reprinted.

daws to peck at. In insular politics you are a Unionist; in Imperial, a Federationist. As a critic you give, in my judgment, too lenient and too long a shrift to the pedantic maunderings of the shallow sciolists that cling like barnacles to learning's keel. And of the two you are the scholar, and I the scarabeus, that would have you scrape the bottom. When St. John's made you a Professorial Fellow they did more than make you a sharer in their feasts for the body and their flowings of the soul; they lusted their Foundation and they honoured you. Near-by you have taken a substantial root. You have built for yourself a commodious dwelling (and would a canny Scot do other?), a house that has been declared by an architectural authority to be more fitted for the Italian than the English clime. I am told that where you came from the rainfall registers 122; here it is a hundred less. So perhaps our Cambridge air has something of an Italian balminess for you. 'Torrisdale,' however, is undisturbed by the outer skies; it glows with the warmth of two sunny natures.

P.S.—Why do you lecture at such a horrid time as 1 p.m.? The brain is jaded with the morning's work; the blood is impoverished by the like cause; and the stomach is achingly empty. Men should come to such lectures as yours with minds fresh and brains alert (they'll need to have them so) in the earlier stages of the working day. Without fairly recent substantial provender your hearers are physically in-

capable of doing either themselves or your lectures justice. Nor can ears be kept by the hour a-stretch when the soul is yearning for luncheon. When I was one of your demonstrators, and the recollection of that association is one of the few oases in a hitherto sandy and befretted life, your younger pupils often asked me if I thought it was really necessary for them to attend your lectures. They understood so little, and they remembered less. And I knew why, and felt sorry for them. I knew they hungered for the flesh-pots. I believe they suffered tortures. I had myself to take sundry snacks of chocolate to keep the wolf away. But I told them to attend, for they would find that, like bread cast upon the waters, something would return again to them. This really is a serious matter. Your pupils are *growing* men. I cannot but think that the fact of the theatre being a borrowed one is accountable for much. I know you to be a humane, considerate and kindly man. When you get into your new quarters bear in mind what I have said. Subject your pupils to no heedless torture. Lecture earlier in the day.\*

## V. — TO PROFESSOR SIDGWICK

[JANUARY 23, 1890]

DEAR PROFESSOR SIDGWICK,

‘There is no learned class in England,’ said the German Professor complacently, and a trifle didacti-

\* Professor Macalister lectures now at 12. — ED. C. R.

cally, as he lighted another cigar. ‘Pardon me, Herr Professor,’ replied his companion. ‘We have such a class, and they are known as—Prigs!’ It was unkind of you, Dr. Sidgwick, so to mystify the worthy man, while you smiled to yourself at the gentle many-sided malice of your remark. And you would have been fitly punished, had you been involved with imperfect German in an hour-long explanation (the dreariest duty of mankind) of the term you had used, and the Nature of the Prig. You would never have got your German to understand. But stop, was it you after all? In the face of all inner probability I have heard it denied. But until I have the disavowal from your own lips, I shall continue to believe that the humour, the tolerance, the impersonal delight in criticising yourself, your profession, your country and your adversary, all in one breath, the implied condemnation alike of all false, arrogant, or misplaced learning, and of Philistines who know not false from true, all this must be yours, and yours alone.

Your humour is well known to your friends, and is not the least nor the only charm of your conversation. With all honour to the others, I must hold you to be the best host in Cambridge. And even in your books and your lectures, those who know you will find the same qualities, though partly suppressed, and carefully subordinated to your main purpose. Human nature compels me to ask, Why so careful to suppress it? For you know, none better, that we average

mortals are apt to find this matter of Moral Philosophy a trifle dull. It is strong meat for babes. We listen, and we reverence, but sometimes yawn. The epigrams, and the homely illustrations, which you so sparingly allow us, come like sunshine in spring, or a fine day in summer, and leave us with a sense, that but for some perversity in causes which we do not understand sunshine and fine weather might always be there. But though they seldom come, they wished-for come, and such things are best left on the knees of the gods, who know what is for our good.

But humour is only the salt of Moral Philosophy. Your excellence as a Philosopher is best described as an infinite capacity for seeing both sides of the question. When some question of women's degrees, or what not, was coming to the front, I heard you describe yourself as seated upon the rail. But this expressive vulgarism is not nearly expressive enough to hit off the unexampled dexterity of your funambulism. Now there's your *Methods of Ethics*—a wonderful book. I admire in it especially the skill with which you reproduce the method and even the phrases of your master Aristotle, but avoid all the roughness and intolerable obscurity of his style. So clear and fluent is your language that one reads and reads and fancies that one understands. System succeeds system, and retires shattered from the fray. Criticism succeeds criticism, each more subtle and more cogent than the last. In the play of fence, and luminous

disputation we lose sight of the tremendous issues, and rejoice only in the prowess of our champion. But when the field is clear, and only the bruised and breathless fragments of our adversaries are left, we ask, For what have we been fighting, and what have we secured? In vain we try to recall, all remains misty and perplexed and negative. Then we read again. On each successive reperusal we may fancy to have won some authoritative teaching, but each time the results are different. Then perhaps we glance at the preface. There we find that some audacious pamphleteer has ventured to claim the author for a positive school, utilitarianism or what not. Of him short work is made, and for a moment we fancy that common sense morality is to be set up for our guidance and obedience. But this also turns out to be incomplete. And the author arrives at an inscrutable result, which enables him to transcend both Intuitionists and Utilitarians—may I add, Professor Sidgwick, the limits of the human intellect itself?

But seriously, there is no one who admires more heartily and more humbly than myself your services in the field of philosophic criticism. Was it not Descartes who said doubt was the necessary starting point of all philosophic investigation? Your impartial studies enable your pupils most effectively and thoroughly to doubt; and herein, I take it, lies your supreme merit. Cant and authoritative humbug is swept away, and the mind is left free to deal with

problems for itself, and arrive at any or no result according to its bent. One of your pupils once rashly asserted, that on Utilitarian principles one could prove anything at will, and you replied—‘Indeed, Mr. S. It would be interesting to hear you do it.’ No one doubts that you could do it, Dr. Sidgwick; your virtue is, that you have never tried. Where you drop, as in the Political Economy, unwarily into a new doctrine of foreign trade, I cannot think your success is so great as in your pure unauthoritative criticism of all the free and fair traders, individualists, *laissez-faire* philosophers, academic socialists, hobby-riders, quack-medicine vendors, who confuse the science and distract the state.

But this being the case, I cannot wonder that your lectures are so sparsely attended, especially by men. For apart from the fact that men are for the most part barbarians, and hate knowledge for its own sake, the few exceptions do not love it for its own sake, but for the sake of the cut and dried formulæ which they can write down in their papers. The women come, for they are more apt to mind their book, and more accessible to the sacred sentiments of veneration and of love. But I must make free to doubt if even they understand it all. For if the written word is hard to follow, how much rather the spoken utterances?

This being your character as a philosopher, one might fancy that you would be slow and irresolute in

action. And so it is in fact, where two plans are each supported by powerful advocates and weighty grounds. But where a new truth is weak and unnoticed we find you in the fore-front of reform. You gave up your fellowship rather than countenance what you held to be a fiction. You lay down your wealth for science, and that a science not your own. You support the higher education of women, perhaps in the hope that they may shame their husbands and brothers out of barbarism. And when you are forced by your position into action which you do not approve, you adopt an attitude of cheerful pessimism, which encourages at once and chastens your less enlightened followers. But though such as I have described you, you are hardly one whom kings or majorities delight to honour. For kings and majorities act after their kind. So much the worse for the University !

What a long letter I have written ! I wish you would write me one equally long, and all about yourself. For though you are the least egotistical of mortals, you must find yourself an interesting study. How impartially you would treat the question—what wealth of hidden virtues and amusing faults you might disclose—and whatever you might say, one feels sure that you would steer clear both of arrogance and self-depreciation. May my own remarks be equally free from the corresponding faults.



## A PRIVATE ORATION

[FEBRUARY 20, 1890]

That I am unaccustomed, O commissioner, to public speaking I cannot indeed assert, having once held the office of Public Orator not without credit, as I conceive, and only the other day being sent as an ambassador to the Bononians, having made a speech to them in a foreign language, and that not instructed by others, but having composed it myself—a thing which, no doubt, any one of these men would easily do: but this, as you yourself cannot be unaware, is a private case; and though with the private speeches of the ancients I am familiar, if any man is, yet in delivering a private oration I do not claim to be experienced. For I have not, as these men, spent my life in arguing about such matters as become them, drainage and rates and market-dues and the like, but, being by nature not a busybody, but retiring, I have continued up to this time unacquainted with such things. And yet in the eyes of many I seem to

have lived a not inglorious life ; first of all, having won in the Lesser Porson once, in the Greater Porson once, in the Mays three times, and having conquered both in the Craven and in the Tripos ; next, being elected President of the Pitt ; and being appointed Professor formerly among the Glasguensians and now here ; and by other many and brilliant achievements having conferred honour on the town ; for which I deserve rather to be crowned with laurels and to dine in the Guildhall, than losing my suit in the Guildhall, to be deprived even of the laurels that I have by such men as these, O Gods and Earth !

For what is the character of these miserable pettifoggers ? You know, I suppose, that the mother of one of them was a bedm—I bow to your ruling, Sir ; but at the same time I would venture to suggest that I was only following the most celebrated models.

I presume they are seeking to proceed under the 154th section of the Public Health Act, ‘concerning New Streets.’ (Read me the law). . . . You see what the law says. Now, the framers of that law never intended that, in order to make a new road, from 25 to 40 feet should be forcibly taken off the garden of Springfield—far from it ! For it is monstrous if, wherever a district is capable of development, people should thereupon exert compulsory powers. I know what my opponents will say—that it would be a public benefit. O fine plea ! as if they were not in the most evident way pursuing only their own

advantage ! ‘But, by Zeus, Newnham and Selwyn and Ridley are entitled to this improvement because they pay so much to the rates.’ But, I imagine, they can only claim to share public benefits, not to get private ones. Now, if only people would act with a view to the public interest, is there aught that prevents our country from being pre-eminently great? Does she not possess more ships of war than any other state, and according to Tyrtaeus,

sufficiency of men and of money also?

which it is proper to employ in ravaging the territory of her enemies, not, by those that died at Marathon, in razing the gates and cutting down the shrubs of her own citizens.

But observe the cunning of these accursed wretches; who, though it was open to them to produce their children in court, have nevertheless refrained from doing so. Why? not wishing unjustly to excite your sympathy and compassion? Very likely you will believe them! No. but they were afraid lest, by ridiculing the practice, I might make them appear contemptible before you. But, by the heavens, they shall not escape appearing as contemptible as possible; for, seeing through their design, as though they had brought on an average five children apiece, (which they would gladly have done) I shall deliver just the same the scathing sarcasm I have elaborately prepared not for nothing, by Zeus!—Very well, Sir; but you

will allow me to hand you the sheet containing the whole passage carefully copied out.

Having much that I could say to prove the wickedness of these abandoned fellows and the justice of my own cause, I will pass it by, having inadvertently drunk most of the water in my glass. But it is worth while mentioning how much our fathers surpassed them in virtue. For our fathers, when they wished to decorate the Guildhall, placed upon the walls such mottoes as these, *In statu quo* ; *Nolo episcopari* ; *Cui bono* ? *In puris naturalibus* ; and others of the kind. Such were the public inscriptions those noble men thought fit to put up, meaning, I suppose, that they should be a continual exhortation to posterity. But consider how different is the conduct of these infamous scoundrels : one of whom, not long ago, got three m——In that case I had better pass at once to my peroration, merely remarking that in my opinion it ought to have been six.

For there are, there are among all people altars of justice and legality and modesty, the most beautiful and holy being in the very soul and nature of every man, while others are set up for all men publicly to honour ; but there are none of shamelessness, or pettifoggery, or perjury, or ingratitude, all of which qualities belong to my opponents. Now, if you are disposed to protect and cherish rogues, I shall have rhapsodised to no purpose ; but if you are disposed to abhor them, then, if possible, condemn them to

death—for how are they not worthy to perish three times over?—but if not, at any rate by your decision prevent them from treating us as resident aliens, and from acting the housebreaker with impunity.

I see no reason to add anything more, as you seem fully to understand what has been said. Pour out the water.

## ARCHBISHOP BENSON

[OCTOBER 22, 1896]

Archbishop Benson was so heartily and entirely a Cambridge man that it is not strange that the *Cambridge Review* should wish some words about him to appear in its pages. It may also be said that he was as heartily and entirely a Trinity man,—the first Archbishop of Canterbury, indeed, whom that great College has given to the Church ; for Whitgift, though he was Master of Trinity, had previously been at half the Colleges in Cambridge.

Archbishop Benson's early home at Birmingham was a home of religion and culture. His mother had belonged to a highly respected family of Unitarians. The two great formative elements in his early life, outside his home, were the companionship of his schoolfellows, and the influence, even more than the instruction, of his great schoolmaster Lee,—for although the Archbishop never forgot what he owed

to Dr. Gifford for his last half year at King Edward's School in Birmingham, his main inspiration and direction came from Lee. From him he learned not only habits of laborious work and the most scrupulous accuracy in scholarship, and the delight in choice words; but a great love of art and of literature in general, a keen historical sense, and above all, a passionate devotion to the study of the Bible. Lee, the schoolmaster, whose success as such was quite unparalleled, and who failed so strangely as a Bishop, was a man who was often too much overcome by emotion to be able to proceed with a Greek Testament lesson in the Sixth Form; and it was the same with Benson. To hear him conduct a *viva voce* examination of a class of candidates for Holy Orders during the Ember Week, in the Epistle of St. James, or the Apocalypse, or the Pastoral Epistles, was a wonderful lesson, not only in punctilious grammatical and lexical exactness, but also in the hidden meanings, and in the practical appropriation of the meaning. Manly and unaffected as he was in his piety, the blue eye seldom failed to become dim, and the clear voice and beautiful firm mouth to quiver, as he touched a word that expressed something of the glory of Christ, or of the inner depths of true religion.

At Cambridge his school friends became also his teachers. He read for some time under Lightfoot as his private tutor; the present Dean of Canterbury, who was two years junior to him, for a while being

his fellow pupil. He was the man to make many friends, and he never forgot them. When he was made Bishop of Truro, he was brought again into contact with one of them whom he had not seen, or had any intercourse with, for many years. He said to one of his chaplains what pleasure it gave him to see him again:—‘M.’, he said, ‘is one of the men whom I have never failed to mention daily in my prayers since we were undergraduates.’ But his stay at Cambridge was brief, though his visits afterwards were frequent. He was hurried off to Rugby, and to Wellington, where he made his name. The obituary notice in the *Times*, and indeed the article in that journal upon his appointment to the primacy, were justly appreciative of the difficulties which he had to encounter there, and of the way in which he surmounted them. It was not the place where tenderhearted laxity would have succeeded; and there was no mistake about it,—the discipline of Wellington College was like that of a man-of-war. An admiring pupil writes in the *Daily News* of October 13, about his old master’s severity. It was indeed an appalling sight to see the Master gather his gown about him and cane a liar before the Lower and Middle School. It was the impersonation of wrathful righteousness and truth. Yet, however little the boys might sometimes be aware of it, the same heart was full of the tenderest interest in them all. He loved and honoured the boys. ‘Selfishness,’ he said once, ‘is uppermost in boys of



that age (12 or 13), but generosity is very near the surface. Try it':—and the experiment which he suggested succeeded. There was not a boy in the school whom he did not know. When once a young master complained of an incorrigible boy in a lower form, 'What can you expect of him?' he replied. 'He has no father; his grandmother is a rigid Puritan who thinks it a sin to smile on a Sunday, and his mother a follower of Stopford Brooke, who comes home and says, What a blessing it is that we have got rid of that fiction of the Trinity!'

Amidst all his labours at Wellington, Dr. Benson's heart had always been that of an ecclesiastic. The chapel had been the centre of his thoughts for the school. In his own boyhood he had learned from Lee to study liturgies, and to translate ancient collects. An aged relative of his own with whom as a boy he used to stay at York, was alarmed about his future because of his passion for attending the daily choral services. At Wellington he took the greatest pains with the arrangement of the devotional life of the school, its punctual daily prayers in chapel, its carefully prescribed hymns and introits. Without anything that people would call ritualism, all was done in the most decorous and even stately fashion. He loved to trace, as he was frequently justified in tracing, in the lives of good laymen and soldiers who had been at the school the effects of the morning and evening Psalms. He was glad when the time came for him to

devote himself altogether to the Church. Much as he loved Wellington—‘Who am I,’ he said one lovely November morning, returning from chapel, as he gazed over the heath to the Scotch firs upon the round hill near the College, ‘Who am I, that I should see Ambarrow every day?’—yet he loved Lincoln better. Bishop Wordsworth, on his consecration, had made him his Examining Chaplain and a Prebendary of the Minster. A sermon of his in 1871 before the Nottingham Church Congress was thought to sound a note of warm and confident Churchmanship which had been wanting in some of the other utterances on the occasion. Not very long after he gave up the lucrative, if arduous, work of a head master, and took up his abode as Chancellor of Lincoln, in the beautiful old house which had been attached to the stall since the days of Anthony Bek. It was a delight to him to inhabit and restore that house, with its ancient ‘solar,’ and the pentacles upon the stone stairs, and to see his children catching from it the love of antiquities. As Chancellor he was Master of the fabric of the Cathedral, and soon knew every inch of the stately structure, and its history. As he had created Wellington, so at Lincoln he created the Chancellor’s Schools for candidates for Holy Orders, and enjoyed deeply the lectures which he gave, not only to the students, but (with his immense capacity for work) to general audiences also. With a pang he refused to become a candidate for the Hulsean Professorship at

Cambridge, vacated by Lightfoot's promotion to the Lady Margaret chair, though Westcott and Lightfoot urged him to do so. He felt that he could not leave nor halve his work at Lincoln. Nor was he content only with his Divinity School and his public lectures. He threw himself among the working men of the City below the Hill, who responded with extraordinary eagerness to his advances. No such union between the upper and lower cities had ever been known before. He had a weekly Bible Class for them on a very large scale, composed of members of all the sects as well as Churchmen. He began a system of night schools all over the town, in which his Divinity students, among others, helped him; and it was an inspiring sight to go round with him from school to school, and see the Lincoln mechanics working away at their school subjects, and the manner in which they received one whom they knew to be their genuine friend.

He had not long been Bishop Wordsworth's Chaplain, when his old friend and chief at Rugby, Dr. Temple, was nominated to the see of Exeter. Bishop Wordsworth protested against Dr. Temple's consecration, and Dr. Benson felt it to be his duty publicly to bear testimony to the loyal orthodoxy of the Bishop-designate. At the same time he sent in his resignation of his chaplaincy to the Bishop of Lincoln, who smiled and put it in the fire. For some months after the consecration, Benson was

Examining Chaplain to the two Bishops at once. It was an exercise of those conciliatory powers which few men have so well understood how to combine with clear and unflinching maintenance of convictions of their own.

In 1877 he was called by the Providence of God to make the new diocese of Truro, cut off from that of his friend Bishop Temple. He held the See for nearly six years. It was the happiest period of his life, although the first year of it was marked by the great sorrow of the death of his eldest son, a most promising scholar, at Winchester. He delighted in Cornwall, and in its attractive people, though he could tell them plainly of their faults, as a pastor should. Those six years were an idyll. All the poetry and romance of his rich nature were evoked, and at the same time the profound spirituality of his religion found in that free atmosphere scope for its utterance, and enthusiastic response from Cornish hearts. The little homely wooden Cathedral became the focus of a life which, as was said by the present Bishop of St. Andrews, whom he chose for an Examining Chaplain, was 'like the Acts of the Apostles.' A good Divinity School, a continuous work of evangelizing Missions, grew up; the Diocesan Conference became, probably, the most business-like and the liveliest in England; a true Council of Honorary Canons was organized; Retreats for the Clergy were held, and Prayer Meetings for the Laity,—for, as

Lightfoot bade him in the sermon at his consecration, he made himself a Cornishman to the Cornish, and a Methodist to the Methodists, that he might gain them. All this, and much else, centred in a living unity round him, as a true Father to the diocese; and the powerful touch of his spirit is testified to all future ages by the truly sublime Cathedral of which he was the inceptor, though the beauty of its adornment was the work of his successor. He knew every parish in his diocese, and it might almost be said that he seemed to know everybody in each parish, with their sorrows and their needs. Wherever he preached he startled the people by telling them facts about the former history of the place of which they were unaware, and applying the lessons to the present. Often afterwards he would look back upon those days of hope and liberty, and say playfully, 'Depend upon it, we made a great mistake to leave Cornwall.'

His great work as Archbishop of Canterbury belongs to the history of the Church at large, and no attempt can be made here to give an account of it. No life could have been more full of labour. The average number of his daily letters alone was such as to keep himself, two chaplains, and a lay secretary writing hard for many hours of day and night. 'The penny post,' he said, 'is one of those ordinances of man to which we have to submit for the Lord's sake.' Besides the care of all the churches, he was unremitting in his attendance at the House of Lords, and

at the Board of Trustees of the British Museum, and in many other secular duties which his position thrust upon him. Into all these he threw himself wholly, as if he had nothing else to do. Amidst it all he never allowed himself to be torn away from the things of the inner life. Not a day passed without his doing an hour or so of solid work upon the Holy Scripture before joining his family. Besides all his public preaching, he made time throughout the London season to give weekly a Bible lesson to ladies in the Chapel at Lambeth, the influence of which was profoundly felt. And the wonder was that he scarcely ever appeared to be oppressed by the weight which he had to bear. He had time for everything and cheery words for everybody—words which came from his heart. He was never idle, and was always reading new books and old alike. Cyprian and his age was a subject on which he worked hard whenever he got a spare hour or two—generally after bedtime,—and it may be hoped that his researches on the subject are in condition to be published.\* Brewer's graphic description of Wolsey, in his attention to detail combined with the widest outlook,—managing Kings and Popes for great ends, yet particular about the exact shade of his Cardinal's robe and the exact shape of his Cardinal's hat,—was equally applicable to Archbishop Benson. To hear him describe a gold ornament from Aegina, just brought to the Museum,

\* They were published in 1897.

or the proper way of cutting a lawn sleeve, you would have supposed that he had nothing else to think of. After he had been instructing his coachman (he was a great lover of horses, and, like Cranmer, an excellent rider) in the points by which to tell good oats from inferior ones, 'Lord,' said the coachman to some one else, 'I don't believe there ain't nothing that that man don't know.' Full of fun and humour—that humour which is allied to the richest vein of sentiment—he loved life, and saw good days, to the very last. Never did God give a more fitting close to the career of a great servant of His. Just returned from a peace-making mission in Ireland, where all received him as he deserved, to the house of Mr. Gladstone, of all men, on a Sunday morning, after receiving the Blessed Sacrament, he knelt again in Hawarden Church to make his confession with the rest, and the last words which he heard on earth were the words of absolution.

May the grace of God, which made him what he was, shape others not unworthy to succeed him in the great work.

A. J. M.





## EPILOGUE

[FEBRUARY 25, 1897]

The years are the years of a Fresher,  
    Since first undergraduate brains  
Were big with the pang and the pressure  
    Of fruitful and fortunate pains ;  
With the sign of our shield on her bodice  
    Of cheap and cadaverous blue,  
SHE sprang into being, our Goddess,  
    The *Cambridge Review*.

And the depths of the dwellings infernal  
    Were scared at the sound of her laugh,  
And the heart of the *Undergrad's Journal*  
    Was pierced in its orient half ;  
For a season it strove to be bitter,  
    Then, then its illegible page  
Expired in a tremulous twitter  
    Of impotent rage.

But our Goddess was throned in the city,  
 The queen of our head and our heart,  
 And her priests were a mighty Committee,  
 And used to attend—at the start—  
 For she spread as a vine in a hothouse,  
 As the running of Gallican beans,  
 From Magdalene to Pembroke and Pothouse,  
 From Jesus to Queens'.

And the songs and the skits and the sonnets  
 Uprose as the flowers from the sod,  
 When the boarded collegiate bonnets  
 Buzzed loud with the bees of the god;  
 From the head and the hand of the shapers  
 Like leaves of the autumn they flew  
 To the place of the wasting of papers,  
*O Cambridge Review!*

Thou wast filled with all science and knowledge,  
 Thou wast novel and nearly unique;  
 Thine envoys in every College  
 Told tales of the deeds of the week—  
 Of anthems and services stately,  
 Of names in the Little-Go list,  
 Of Corpus's Chess Club that lately  
 Had met to play whist.

Thou wast filled with the facts of athletics,  
 The boat and the bat and the ball,  
 And the deeds of the modern ascetics  
 Debarred from the dainties of hall.

Thou hadst news of Oxonian brothers,  
 And forecasts of oar and of scull,  
 Thou wast witty at times, and at others  
 Undoubtedly dull.

Thou hast seen the ephemeral papers  
 That catered for sectional needs ;  
 They have vanished as vortical vapours  
 Blown blue from Baconian weeds ;  
 Time writes not a wrinkle (*Childe Harold*)  
 To corrugate *thy* azure brow ;  
 In fact, it was never apparelled  
 So bluely as now.

Though their lays may be lightsome and clever,  
 They last but the life of a leaf ;  
 Their *entrées* endure not for ever,  
 But thou art our mutton and beef.  
 They shall pass, they shall pale, they shall perish,  
 Unknown, or but known to a few,  
 While the ages of ages shall cherish  
 The *Cambridge Review*.

We must change as the seasons that vary,  
 We must fall as the leaves that are brown,  
 As the facings of classic canary  
 From W—ldst—n's doctoral gown ;  
 And the feet that outran Atalanta  
 No longer our cinders may crunch,  
 While the wits that were great on the *Granta*  
 Are punsters in *Punch*.

For the time of our years is a worm-time,  
We rust as a moth (so to speak);  
But thou shalt be published in term-time,  
And thou shalt be sixpence a week.  
When the veil of the future is rifted,  
Thou shalt gladden our children anew  
With thy numbers five hundred times fiftied,  
Our *Cambridge Review*!

X.



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